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To the Readers of the Rambler.

In completing arrangements for carrying out the wishes of many of the readers of the RAMBLER, *in that department of its contents which relates to the Fine Arts, the Proprietors have found it needful to incur such an additional outlay as will make it necessary to raise its price to Sixpence, after the completion of the First Volume. To all present Subscribers, however,* the price will continue the same as heretofore; *and it will be the same to all persons who may send their Orders, with payment in advance, before the 8th of April, either to* Mr. BURNS, 17 *Portman Street, Portman Square, or to* Mr. JONES, 63 *Paternoster Row, who alone are authorised to receive Subscribers' Names for this purpose.*

THE DARK FUTURE.

To a well-fed, well-dressed, and comfortable Englishman, it is a hard matter to look forward some five or ten years, and realise the probable fate of Europe. To those who know misery, either in their own homes, or from a personal acquaintance with the poor and suffering, it is not perhaps so difficult to conceive the amount of human woe that in all probability overhangs our race at this very moment. But we, who have been wont to rejoice in our island security, and to believe that wars are past, perhaps for ever; — we, whose troubles are confined to those which are the ordinary lot of mortality, and think ourselves singularly unhappy if we lose a quarter of a good year's income, or are visited with a three months' illness; we, who call ourselves the better classes of society, and eat and drink and amuse ourselves as we will, when leisure permits;—*we* cannot force ourselves to *feel* what a few seasons may bring forth upon us all. We know what war and famine and anarchy are, only from the chronicles of history; and in the proprieties of a dignified narrative find little to shew us what it is to suffer and die; or if, perchance, some thrill of horror shoots through our frame when we glance through the stories of the sacking of towns, or the slaughters of a battle-field, or the anguish of terrified and starving households, we comfort ourselves with the assurance that these terrors are peculiar to foreign lands, and that Great Britain must ever remain an oasis in the midst of the deserts that mark the course of the demons of war.

May God grant that this last blessing may still be ours! It may be so, indeed; but it were madness to suppose that it *must* be so. What may be the instantaneous results of a general European conflict, no mortal eye can foresee. Since the nations last fought, the changes in the material art of warfare have been so great, and the revolution in men's minds has been so universal and fundamental, that speculation upon the mode in which a continental struggle would be conducted were worse than profitless. According to the old laws of only sixty years ago, Napoleon *ought not* to have stricken the armies of Austria and her allies, as the hunter smites the deer. They who fought upon worn-out traditions were swept before the man of the new ideas, as sheep before the raging wolves. While Europe was amazed, France advanced; and empires fell, almost before they knew that the foe was upon their frontiers. And let us speculate and calculate as we will, the mode in which the elements now at work amongst us will combine to change the very face of society itself, in our coming struggles, is beyond the conceptions of the most acute and the most profound of mortal minds.

What frightful elements of combustion do we not, in truth, discern, when we cast our eyes on those four chief divisions of European power, where the new political principles are most energetically at work. Shutting out from his view the gigantic semi-barbarous empire of the Russian Czar, let a man seek to estimate the results of the present condition of things in France, Germany, Italy, and England, when once the flames of a European conflict shall be kindled. France even now trembles on the brink of a reign of anarchy, if not a reign of terror. The multitude actually *rules* in Paris with despotic sway. Like an oriental sovereign, they have but to look or to speak, and they are obeyed. The tiger has not needed as yet even to gnash with his teeth in order to terrify his victims into obedience; he glares with his eyes, and utters low, muttering howls, and there is none that dares to lift up an arm to smite or to control him. Great as is the power of the Church in that strange abode of all that is best and worst in man, the capital of the French Republic, it is great only by comparison with its former state. The world of Paris has gone so far as to pay its compliments to the religion of the gospel, but it is yet far enough from yielding it obedience. It salutes it as a sovereign; but let no man be surprised if these words of honour become the words of mockery and derision, and it salute the Church of God in the same spirit as of old they cried to the Lord of the the Church, "Hail, King of the Jews!"

In France, also, must first be fought that battle which never yet has been fought since the world began, —the struggle between the middle classes and the lowest

classes. Hitherto Europe and Asia have been desolated in the conflicts between kings and their subjects, between sovereigns and their aristocracies, between the nobles and the people, between one kingdom and another kingdom; but never yet have the populace entered into mortal warfare with that giant class which is immediately above themselves, but below the class of the noble and the gentle. Never yet has *property*, as such, met *poverty*, as such, hand to hand in deadly strife. Who can foresee the duration, the ferocity, or the results of so even-matched a struggle?

The consequences to Germany, in her various divisions, are perhaps more within the range of experience; yet with what strange and novel complications! Austria trembles, and feigns to yield; too impotent to conquer, yet doubtless still powerful for vengeance. Prussia, an artificial monarchy, stands reared aloft, on her baseless foundations, only the more exposed to a shattering blow through her proud elevation and magnitude. The petty states are eager for freedom, without the discipline which alone makes men really free; and their sovereigns vibrate between rashness and timidity. If these all persevere steadfastly in any determination, it is in their resolution to bring the contest to the decision of the sword. We know that they will fight; but that is all we know.

Still darker is the future of the fairest land of Europe. The cloud that overshadows the destinies of Italy lours more gloomily every week that passes. Haste, prejudice, ignorance, passion, courage, timidity, selfishness, and patriotism, excite or quell every bosom, from the Alps to Sicily; but there is nothing that the calm spectator can *trust*, except the great Pontiff who sits alone among the sovereigns of the world, and those whose hearts and principles are bound up with those which animate his breast. From the Vatican it may be that the solution of the problems of modern society may come forth; from Pius the Ninth, or his successors, may issue that voice which will calm the raging elements of the European and American worlds; once more may Rome give the law to the nations, not as of old by force of arms, but by the more potent energies of wisdom and example. Yet even in the States of the Pope, all is dim and darkened with shadows. What his people may become, or how he may be involved in the destinies of Italy and the whole continent, no foresight can prophesy. Nothing is stable but the words of Christ, and the Church which He has founded upon earth.

On our own shores, calm, steady, sober, and business-like as we seem, the hour is hastening on when we must enter upon that very struggle which is so fearfully imminent in the French Republic. The middle class must meet the lowest class face to face. The rich and the poor must enter the field of struggle. It may be an *amicable* contest, we trust and pray; it may be entered into in all good will and moderation; it may be little more than a balancing of interests, a casting up of accounts, a friendly settlement between debtor and creditor. But we dare not hope that such will be its character, while the millions of the poor in Great Britain remain what they now are—we will not say oppressed and cruelly despised, but *forgotten*, save when a cry of indignation or anguish rises up from their ranks, and pierces the ears of those who dwell at ease. Oh, that we could remember that those cries ascend higher up than that region wherein they reach the ears of men; that they mount to heaven and to the throne of God! Oh, that England could but know that in her *poor* is her salvation or her destruction; that the days of the absolute sway of the monarch are past; that the noble can no longer rule; that the middle classes are falling from their place of power and eminence; and that the last and most mighty of all the ranks of society is marshalling its bands, ascertaining its strength, and arousing its passions, for the final struggle! The poor have never yet come into the world's conflicts; they have never yet had a place in the records of history; they are known only in the records of inspiration, and the lives of those who have lived and suffered on their behalf. But so surely as this world is not eternal, the day of the poor man's power is at hand. Already the giant, as he lies prostrate upon the earth, is moving hither and thither his sinewy frame; it quivers with new-found life; it foretells a startling career of warfare and victory; and if that mighty form arise and put forth its strength, unrestrained and unmoved by the influence of human and Divine love, Europe will become once more a desert. Of yore, it fell before the hordes of the northern barbarians; it may be desolated again by a power which it has hidden, *but not nourished*, in its own bosom.

OLD ECCLESIASTICAL PRINCIPLES, AND MODERN POLITICAL IDEAS.

[Continued from p. 204.]

We resume our inquiry, commenced a fortnight ago, into the grounds on which modern opinions respecting the relations of Church and State, religion and politics, may be justified by and reconciled with the principles of ancient Christian jurisprudence, assisting ourselves, as in our former article, by the analysis of the work of the Bishop of Langres before alluded to.

2. *Church and State.*

Q. Can we, as sincere Catholics, honestly acquiesce in a government constituted without any religion? Or is a state-religion positively commanded by Catholic doctrine?

A. If there be any one social crime which Catholic doctrine unrelentingly condemns, it is that which impious men commit when, with a presumptuous confidence in their own strength, they banish religion to its temples, and watch, with a solicitude truly infernal, that no thought of God, no reference to his precepts, be introduced in any way into legislation; and, on the contrary, when the governments of the world take the Church for their counsellor and guide, when they formally adopt her sacred laws as the laws of secular legislation, the Church rejoices, and may well rejoice, because she sees therein the most salutary examples given to the people. But when governments choose to transact the affairs of State unconnected with the questions of religious belief, the Church neither proscribes nor anathematises them. Provided they leave to her all her facilities and means of action on the souls of men, she continues, notwithstanding what may be called their secularisation, to protect and to bless them.

And this she does on the simple principle that the State, as such, is not bound to acknowledge her authority or her mission, much less to accord to her particular or exclusive privileges. The State, as such, is no more bound to assume a positively religious character, than the Church, as such, is bound to assume a political character or to aim at political ascendancy. Their province, their office, their duties are separate and distinct; and no obligation exists on either side, that the doctrines of the Church should be recognised as the religion of the State. The State, the secular power, is not therefore irreligious because it does not adopt a religion, any more than the Church, the spiritual power, becomes secularised when it is adopted as the religion of the State. Neither, on the other hand, does the Church lose any part of its public or social character from not wearing a political one, as some have seemed to suppose. She is not thereby guilty of disparaging the public worship of God, the public recognition of the Christian religion, nor of obscuring the

paramount obligation incumbent upon all men of acknowledging and submitting to her spiritual authority in their individual capacity, whether as politicians or as rulers. Otherwise, as M. Parisis observes, for three centuries of her greatest glory, the Church failed in one condition essential to the honour and the worship due from mankind to God; at the present day, throughout the largest part of Christendom this same essential condition is wanting; and more than this, since, on such a supposition, it would depend on the will of the State to permit or not to permit to the Church the exercise of what is essential to the fulfilment of her mission, it would follow that the State had the right of controlling that exercise and subjecting it to arbitrary limitations.

Neither, again, does the Church thereby discountenance the belief that the State is peculiarly blessed and sanctified by putting off its merely secular character, and becoming avowedly and officially a Christian and a Catholic State. She witnesses to the contrary (as has already been said), by bestowing her benedictions upon it whenever it comes in its civil capacity to ask for her counsel or to assist at her holy ceremonies. Much less does such a principle imply that a separation between the Church and the State is, abstractedly and without reference to circumstances, an absolute good. So far from it, that the affirmative proposition has been formally condemned by the Holy See.

The conclusion, therefore, is (1), that a State-religion is no requirement of Catholic doctrine, great as it considers the benefit and blessing to the State to be when such relations can be established between the spiritual and secular powers as are accordant with political justice and consistent with the claims and authority of the Church; and (2) that, although as sincere Catholics we cannot desire a disconnection between Church and State so total and entire that the very existence and claims of the former are ignored by the latter, yet acquiesce we may in the absence of any recognised national religion, and indeed are bound to do so rather than bring the spouse of Christ into a state of dependence and subjection to the temporal power.

There is a State-religion which is consonant to Catholic principles, and there is a State-religion which is abhorrent thereto; and there is a relation of mutual recognition and respect, more or less intimate according to circumstances, in which the Church is content to possess no exclusive political rights, and the State chooses to assume no particular religious character. We will add a few words on each of these three conditions.

A *bonâ fide* State-religion, and that which is agreeable to Catholic doctrine, is that whose precepts directly influence the laws and conduct of the State; whose doctrines, as such, are protected, and whose discipline is enforced by the secular power; it is that religion in which the nation publicly believes, or at least professes to believe. This privileged state, as was observed in our former article, the Church does not desire at the present day, as being ordinarily neither practicable nor just. Every other manner of State-religion goes to make a divine institution the instrument and slave of the political power, too often most corrupting in its influences. To such conditions, it is needless to say, the Catholic Church never would submit, regarding the very worst civil disabilities as a far preferable alternative to the favour of the State and a dishonourable compromise of her spiritual liberties. The State, the secular power, as being the power of this world, is, more or less (despite individual exceptions), in its very nature inimical to the Church, and is so far the engine of Satan. The great device of the adversary in these latter times has been the establishment of a spurious unity on the basis of the political power. The words of the Bishop of Langres on this subject are most striking and earnest; we quote them almost *verbatim:* "What the doctrines of falsehood have most needed in their assault upon divine truth is *unity*. Whether these doctrines pass under the name of heresy or rationalism, schism or philosophy, it is all the same; it is always impossible for them to unite any kind of multitude under the authority of a permanent creed. This observation, made by the first apologists of religion, is become a proverb in our days, especially since the breaking up of Protestantism into a thousand scattered fragments, and its definitive development into absolute scepticism, have taken the form of established facts in the history of modern Europe.

"In such a state of minute division, it is evident that error is essentially incapable of contending against this majestic Catholic Church, always firmly compacted, and always the same in the indestructible unity of its unchangeable doctrine, and its infallible head.

"What, then, did the spirit of falsehood do?

"Unable to unite the members of the various parties under the direction of one and the same faith, he thought to make them march under the standard of one and the same power. He conceived the plan of another kind of unity, hitherto unknown in the ages of Christianity—a *political* unity; that is to say, unity in the organisation, the concentration, the centralisation of all material forces, under one and the same hand, for the purpose of subjugating and directing at pleasure all moral force.

"It is into this vast system that the prince of this world has successively convoked all anti-Catholic errors. He has said to them: 'You are weak, I will protect you; you are poor, I will enrich you; you have no leaders, I will give them to you; you are disunited amongst yourselves, I will organise you; in fine, I will make you all strong, happy, triumphant; and for this I ask but one thing; it is, that you acknowledge no master above me: *Hæc omnia tibi dabo, si cadens adoraveris me.*' This is what he has said; and, more incredible still, this is what he has done.'"

Woe to that Church in which such a State-religion is established! Woe to religious liberty! Immediately the government of the Church becomes a branch of the government of the State; her ministers are regarded as functionaries of the State; her worship an affair of the State; religion altogether an institution of the State. These are the principles, the acts, the tendencies of the political power in these latter times, of which Gallicanism was a germ, and the religious establishment of Henry and Elizabeth a more manifest development; of which the statesmen of the day, with few exceptions, are the persevering agents, and the Autocrat of Russia the most perfect type. A State-religion, such as politicians dream of, must inspire the deepest repugnance, and the most alarming fears, in every sincere Catholic. Nor is the evil less to be dreaded at the hands of the advocates of popular rights; for such spiritual despotism is not incompatible with the freest civil institutions, and the utmost amount of political liberty,—witness the acts of the Swiss Federalists;—and it is the alliance between the two, which, as a great orator and religious philosopher* has lately observed, seems to be the next device of the enemy of man, and may prove to be the basis of the last antichristian confederation against the Church of the living God.

But we will hope that this time is still far distant; we will hope that the Church has still another era of triumph to complete, ere the last enemy arise; in which she will once again take possession of the earth, and embrace, not Europe only, as of old, within the compass of a religious feudality, but all the nations of the world—whatever the varying forms of their constitution and government—in one vast community and brotherhood; and subduing even the madness of the people, as before she broke the pride and intolerance of kings, constrain the very sovereignties of numbers to yield her a willing and loving submission, listen to her voice, as to the conscience of society, the law of brotherly kindness and charity, the authority of Christ, whose service is the only true freedom, the only perfect equality, and acknowledge his vicegerent in the Chair of St. Peter, as the only Father on earth of the great human family.

But we cannot divine the future. As events disclose themselves, the Church will be prepared for the day of trial, or of power. She is *always* prepared. For the present does the State say to her: "I acknowledge not, nor can I acknowledge, either your doctrine, or your discipline, or your Canon law; but, as long as they disturb not the public order, I protect their full exercise with my material power, and support them at need with my sanction and aid." She replies: "I want not your legislative enactments, nor your exclusive distinc-

* Lacordaire, in his funeral sermon on Mr. O'Connell.

tions; but as long as your acts ordain nothing contrary to the law of Christianity, nor interfere with my spiritual liberties, I protect them with my moral authority, I impose submission thereto on the consciences of all; I procure them, and that in minutest particulars, an obedience so voluntary and complete, as of yourself you could never obtain; I pray, and I cause all my servants and children to pray, for the peace of the nation, and the security of the government."

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

Rome, Ash-Wednesday, 1848.

My dear ——, I have somewhere read of a Turk, who, happening to visit the Eternal City about the time of Carnival, wrote word to his fellow-countrymen in the East, that at a certain season of the year the Christians of these parts went mad for eight or ten days together, at the end of which time they recovered their senses by receiving blest ashes sprinkled upon their foreheads. This season is just now ended; and if I subscribe to the Turk's opinion at all, it must be with a very considerable qualification: "though this be madness, yet there's method in it;" for certainly nothing can be more striking than the unfailing good temper, modesty, and sobriety, which prevails amid such general license. The adjacent streets, within hearing of the merry Corso, within sight of its grotesque maskers, and sometimes, too, within range of a stray shot from its mimic artillery of *confitures*, bouquets, and other less refined and less graceful ammunition, are as quiet and orderly as at other times; even the Corso itself, an hour or two after the Ripresa dei Barberi, is restored to its wonted gravity; nor is there at any time, even in the thickest of the fray, any thing at all on the surface of things to remind one of those gross excesses which so invariably accompany an English race-course or village-fair. However, no doubt, there is a darker side to this picture (it is very improbable that it should be otherwise; children are not always good on a holyday); for if all were as innocent as it appears, the Church would not whisper the warnings and admonitions which she does, both on the approach and during the celebration of the Carnival. Doubtless, there are good and sufficient reasons why she uses her best endeavours at this time, even more than at others, to excite the devout and earnest-minded of her children to divers spiritual exercises; and why the superiors of the different colleges exert themselves to provide private amusement for their pupils, in order to prevent their having even a desire to take part in the more noisy festivities of the Corso. Thus we read in the life of St. Philip Neri, the great apostle of Rome, that he used in the time of the Carnival to set his young penitents to act plays; and that for the same purpose he introduced the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches, and the spiritual conferences in the public piazzas, as at Monte Cavallo, Sant' Onofrio, and elsewhere. It is just this twofold substitute for the ordinary merry-making of the Carnival, that I think it worth while to write to you about. You already know as much as I can tell you of the gay frivolities of the Corso; its brightly decorated balconies, quaint masks, and playful cannonading; the race of the little riderless horses at the end of each day's entertainments; and as the ordinary *finale* of the whole, though this year omitted, "as a slight expression of sympathy with our suffering brothers in Lombardy"—so ran the anonymous address distributed among the people, in which "this little sacrifice" was requested of them—the pretty illumination of the *moccoli*, with the animated but good-natured struggle between carriage and foot-passenger, each eager to preserve his own light, and to put out his neighbour's. The private theatricals and the *Carnevale santificato* are not so notorious, and some account of these may be interesting to you.

First, then, for what may be called the Church's Carnival, or the *Carnevale santificato*. There are the regular spiritual exercises, or retreats, which both the Jesuits and the Passionists give at this time in their respective houses for those who are able to leave their homes, and shut themselves up in a monastery during the whole ten days; there is the beautiful devotion of the Via Crucis, practised in the Coliseum every afternoon of the Carnival by members of the third order of St. Francis, and others, living in the world,—indeed, by all who choose to accompany them; and this is followed by a sermon and benediction as soon as the procession has returned to their church of SS. Cosma and Damiano in the Forum. There are also similar devotions in other churches; but the most brilliant and the most attractive feature of all in the ecclesiastical aspect of Rome during these days is undoubtedly the Quarant' Ore, which is now celebrated with more than ordinary magnificence, and in many churches at once. It was set up on Sunday, for instance, in St. Peter's, in St. Mary Major's, in Sta. Maria della Scala, and, more splendidly than in any of these, in the Gesù. At this latter church the sacred college of Cardinals were present; so they were also in the middle of last week on a similar occasion at San Lorenzo in Damaso; and in both these places, as also at the Caravita (a church belonging to the Jesuits), the illuminations surrounding the *ostensorium* were most gorgeous; there could not have been fewer than seven or eight hundred wax candles blazing at once upon and around the high altar in each of these three churches, and the whole scene was brilliant beyond description. The Holy Father himself went to adore the Blessed Sacrament in each of them on one of the days during which its exposition continued; and there are special indulgences, granted by some of his predecessors to all the faithful who do the same during this season.

So much for the *Carnevale santificato*, which in some one or other of its varied forms certainly attracts a great number of persons, and withdraws them from the crowded Corso; and now for the entertainments in the several colleges, which, by the by, have the twofold advantage of gratifying the inmates themselves, and of collecting a considerable number of young men, their friends and acquaintances. I cannot attempt to give an accurate account of these in detail, but only some general idea of their character, which varies, of course, according to the number and condition of the students. In the Noble College, for example, although their number is small (not forty, I believe), they have got up several pieces, both tragic and comic, so that there has been a continual variety from day to day. One of the tragedies was an original composition by one of the young students, and I need hardly tell you that none even of the comedies approximated to the "Westminster Play" genus, but that they were all such as could stand the test of the most fastidious criticism; the scenes, the dresses, and acting were as perfect as one could desire even upon a public stage—indeed, a great deal better than the average of public performances—and all met with unbounded applause from the numerous spectators. Between the acts we had music, many solos, duets, and overtures with a full orchestra—all very good, and executed either by the students or by their friends. I was much amused at seeing one of the Jesuits themselves (who have the management of this establishment) among the musicians, and two or three of the German College, whom I had lately seen taking part in the public disputes at the theological schools of the Roman College, arguing and discussing with Professors Perrone and Passaglia. At the Nazarene College, also for the education of the higher classes, the performance was in nowise inferior; but I must pass it by to make room for some account of one which has interested me much more than either, that in the Ospizio di San Michele, in Trastevere.

This is one of those noble establishments designed for the relief and improvement of the poorer classes, which reflect such credit upon the liberality of Christian Rome. Its purpose is twofold—to provide a safe and comfortable asylum for aged or decrepit poverty, and to instruct the young of either sex in some useful and honourable means of earning their own livelihood. I went over some portion of its extensive range of buildings last week, where the smiths, the weavers and bookbinders, the tailors, hatters, and shoemakers, printers, engravers, workers of tapestry, carvers of cameos, painters, sculptors, architects, &c. &c. &c., were all busily engaged in learning or teaching their respective trades and professions. Each boy, on his entrance, tries his hand at whatever occupation he may prefer, or his parents or

patrons may have preferred for him; and in this he is thoroughly and gratuitously instructed, if upon trial he is found to be really fit for it. I saw the first attempts of two new comers, who were ambitious to become painters; and it was easy to see that one at least had made a happy choice. The institution is said to have been much improved, and certainly it continues to receive great encouragement from the liberality of its able and wealthy President, the Cardinal Tosti, whose private apartments are adorned with many specimens of sculpture, &c., the works of the different students. These were shewn to us by His Eminence before the commencement of the play, and he also took us into his private chapel, which is quite exquisitely decorated by the same skilful hands. The establishment is supported partly by funds from the Government, and partly by private munificence, and contains about four or five hundred inmates, if you reckon all its several classes taken together. Of course the theatrical entertainments were confined exclusively to the boys and young men, whose ages varied from ten to one or two and twenty; for at this latter limit they are sent out into the world to start in life for themselves. The play was written, I believe, expressly for their use, and was a dramatised history of some portion of the life of Saul; the whole was sung as in an opera—a great deal of recitative, a few pretty solos, and some really excellent choruses, executed with great spirit and ability; and the singing was so general among the large bands of Philistines and Israelites as to make us realise that we were indeed in the land of song. There was not so much scope for acting here as in the performances at the Noble and Nazarene Colleges, nor did any of the boys exhibit any remarkable talent for it, excepting young Jonathan, who played a very conspicuous part with admirable success. The representation was repeated several times during the Carnival; and if one might judge from the happy countenances of the performers, it was found to be a very sufficient compensation for the forbidden enjoyments of the Corso.

But now all this is over, and the Turk would pronounce us all to be sane again. With the distribution of the ashes this morning, begins a very different scene of Christian life in Rome; but I must reserve to some future occasion all account of the peculiar and interesting characteristics of a Roman Lent. N.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, Ash-Wednesday, 1848.

YESTERDAY evening the carnival ended. In the present state of the continent, the fun and drollery of the carnival could not but seem more than usually striking. Nor could we but feel thankful that we could be thus peaceful while our neighbours were in so very different a plight. However, there was, and, as will be seen, there prevailed, a feeling that some expression ought to be given to the sympathy felt for the troubles of other nations. In the morning of yesterday appeared the following notice, without any name attached to it. It was circulated throughout Rome:

"ROMANI!

"I gravi avvenimenti d' Italia, e più particolarmente di Lombardia, muovono a sensi di sdegno e di compassione tutti i generosi petti Italiani. Agli immensi sagrificii de' nostri fratelli aggiungamone pur noi uno piccolissimo, cessiamo dal fare i moccoletti. Così l' esultanza di pochi non sarà ingiuria al male di molti; e il nostro pensiero tornerà grato ai fratelli Lombardi, aggiungendo loro forza a sostenere ancora per qualche giorno quegli orribili mali che per la sapienza di Pio, per la spada di Carlo Alberto, per l' unanime volere del Popolo tutto Italiano dovran presto finire. Viva Pio IX! Viva l' Indipendenza Italiana!"

The *moccoletti*, or tapers, are the last amusement of Shrove Tuesday, and are used only on that day. They are very well described by Mr. Dickens in his *Pictures from Italy*; a book, by the way, which gives the falsest impressions of serious things. I will not occupy space in saying any more about what the *moccoletti* show usually is. This notice was answered in the course of the day by another, purporting to be from the natives of Lombardy living in Rome, and requesting that the *moccoletti* might appear as usual. It is hardly necessary to say that it was only a clever fiction. The Municipio had announced in the morning, that the moment when the *moccoletti* should cease, would be made known by four discharges of cannon. With these several manifestoes, the usual diversions of the day began. They were carried on with more than usual spirit. By and by the horse-race came, which on all other carnival-days is the last amusement. The same horse won which had won most of the previous days, and which some men, jealous of the repeated success, attempted to stab, as he came in at the Ripresa dei Barberi the night before. No lights appeared, and in a short time the Corso began to thin: and so the carnival ended. In a side street, as I was going home, I saw one man bold enough to shew a *moccolo*, but he was obliged, by the cries of the crowd, to extinguish it immediately. A carnival *senza moccolo* will long be remembered. It will be one of the trifles which will take its place among the great events of the new *annus mirabilis* 1848.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF HEATHEN PHILOSOPHY.

I. *General Features.*

IT is indisputably true, that the Polytheism of the ancient Greeks and Romans was rather an established system of popular theology, than the real belief of intelligent and reflecting minds. Endeared by its association with Music and Poetry, by its traditional descent from the remotest ages, and by many ennobling legends of national glory, it obtained an influence over the vulgar, more like that which the chivalrous ballads of northern nations have exercised in comparatively modern times, than that of *a Creed* in our Christian sense of the term. The more educated heathens were Deists, so far as they believed in the existence of a supreme Providence, and even of one Omnipotent Creator, whom they called indefinitely *θεὸς, God*; the plurality and individuality of persons being only a method of representing objectively to the unenlightened mind the manifold attributes of the Divine Power. Hence we may understand how a deep conviction of the latter was compatible with almost scoffing irreverence towards the former. Thus, at the very time when Zeus and Hermes (Jupiter and Mercury), and, more or less directly, the other deities also with which the early mythologists had peopled heaven, were being held up to ridicule with impunity by the comic poets on the Athenian stage,* prosecutions for impiety (*ἀσεβείας γραφαὶ*) were frequently brought against those who had violated or revealed the sacred mysteries, committed sacrilege, professed open atheism, or even ventured too far into the regions of natural philosophy by attempting novel explanations of the constitution and laws of the heavenly bodies. Æschylus and Alcibiades fell under the first charge; countless numbers under the second; Diagoras the Melian was banished for the third; and Anaxagoras was fined for maintaining that the sun was a mass of red-hot iron.

A family implies successive generation; whence intermarriages and relationships formed a conspicuous part of the pagan mythology. Moreover, it comprised a peculiar sort of *dualism*, consisting in correlative female deities, such as Janus (Dianus) and Diana, Hecatus and Hecate, both representing Sun and Moon, Vertumnus and Fortuna. We are told by Hesiod,† in his *Theogony*, that Ἔρος was one of the primeval gods, from whom the rest were born. This is commonly understood to mean "Love," or the principle of generation; but in its very ancient sense it was probably the masculine correlative of Ἔρα, *Earth*, which is coupled by Hesiod with ἔρος, under the name Γαῖα. For Hesychius, the Greek lexicographer, tells us that Ἔρρος is the same as Ζεὺς, that is, Jupiter, the supreme king of the gods. And we know by etymological analogy that the corresponding Ἔρρα is the Latin *Terra*;‡ that from

* See, for instance, the "Birds," the "Peace," and the "Plutus," of Aristophanes.

† Theog. v. 120.

‡ This subject is so curious, that a few brief notes on some kindred forms will perhaps be pardoned, on the plea of a contribution to a very interesting branch of classical literature. The initial *t* in *terra* must be a vestige of an original *h*, still apparent in Ἥρα and the

Ἔρος and Ἔρα came the Latin *Herus* and *Hera*, 'Master' and 'Mistress;' and that the lengthened form Ἥρα, *Juno*, the wife of Jupiter, and goddess, or rather representative, of Earth, is the very same word. Hence we can easily explain the legend, often mentioned in the ancient poets, of Heaven marrying Earth—Jupiter representing Air, as Juno did Earth.*

But, not to dwell on minute details, it is certain that Religion entered largely into the ordinary concerns of the ancient heathen's life. Religion, properly so called; that is, worship of God, as far as it was dictated by the light of nature, and the practice, to a certain extent, of moral and social duties. Heathenism by no means implies the absence of all devotional feelings and all moral restraint. It is only a misdirected, and therefore erroneous and superstitious, worship; it is a groping in the dark after truth; a consciousness, without a knowledge, of a God; an intellectual and rational service, without the assurance of revelation as to the nature of the object. It is certain, and it must be admitted to our shame, that many of the ancient Greeks and Romans had a higher sense of practical and ceremonial religion than vast multitudes of modern Christians. Prayers, sacrifices, processions, magnificent temples, joyous festivals, and public thanksgivings; these things were as much the daily business and interest of the people in the palmy days of Athens, as the worship of the True God and Saviour of the world is now the daily concern of Catholic Rome. It was from the excessive devotion of the Athenians to the service of their gods that their renowned city obtained the distinguished title of *God-worshipping* (θεοσεβὴς) by the common consent of nations.†

The worship of heroes and demigods, which formed the supplement and the accessories, or rather perhaps, which was the development, of their mythological system, has often been compared with the *cultus* of the Saints and Martyrs now and always observed in the Christian Church. A somewhat different class of invisible agents were called *dæmons* (or good spirits), corresponding closely with the doctrine of the ministration of Angels. Their functions are thus described by Plato: "Every supernatural being of this kind mediates between God and man. His office is, to interpret and convey to the powers above the communications from man below, and *vice versa*, those made by God to the human race,—from the latter, the prayers and sacrifices; from the former, the behests and the acknowledgments of their offerings. Being therefore midway between the two, he fills up the vacant space, and supplies the connecting link in the creation. God himself has no immediate intercourse with man; it is through this angelic agency that man approaches to and converses with God, whether awake or asleep."‡

It is very remarkable how closely the heathens resembled us in distinguishing merely legendary stories, as *pious opinions*, from the more important dogmas, such as we should call *de fide*. In the *Phædrus* of Plato, Socrates uses exactly the arguments which might occur to a modern believer in discussing the question of mediæval miracles. "Tell me truly," says Phædrus to that great philosopher, "do you really believe in this wonderful story of Boreas having carried off Orithyia?" "Were I to profess my disbelief of it," is the answer, "as your wise men do, perhaps it would not be altogether unreasonable. I might rationalise, and say, it was only the wind which blew a maiden down a precipice; but what do I gain? I must then explain away a thousand other legends, to reduce which to the laws of nature and the strict limits of probability is both an ungracious task, and one requiring more time than I can devote to it; wherefore I prefer to follow the popular opinion about them, and leave the question of their truth or falsehood just where I find it."*

The schools of the various sects of philosophers exercised the most extraordinary influence in spreading a system of purer and more disinterested religion amongst a naturally pious, because superstitious, people. To love virtue for its intrinsic beauty, justice for its social obligations, temperance from a sense of the duties which man owes to himself and to his neighbour, and to flee from vice from the like motives, together with a distinct impression of the certainty of future judgment, assigning punishment or reward to the actions of this life;—all these primary rules of Christian conduct are almost as fully and as forcibly inculcated in the pages of Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, as in those of the inspired Scriptures themselves. In fact, the general reception of these maxims, to the rejection of those which referred every thing to sensual gratification as the *summum bonum*, may be said to have prepared the way for revealed religion, by the close approximation which these speculative moralists had attained to Gospel truth.

II. *Details of Doctrinal Belief.*

"The Christianity of Heathen Philosophy" would be a curious, though it is to be feared by no means a popular, subject to prosecute at length: not, indeed, that it is new, or that Christians require to be told that this very resemblance is made a ground of attack upon their creed by the unbelievers of modern times;—but that to trace the developments of natural religion to the very confines of, and as it were convergence into, revealed truth, is a pursuit well worthy of the most exalted intellect, as well as compatible with the most perfect faith that the doctrines of Christianity were indeed given partly to confirm, partly to supersede, the speculations of the great intellects of antiquity.

It is difficult to select from the immense mass of classical literature which still remains, the most appropriate passages for illustrating the kind of foreknowledge alluded to in the above observations. We shall, however, give a slight outline of the subject by translating a few remarkable extracts from the works of Plato, who flourished four centuries before the Christian era.

Of the Atonement it may be questioned if the heathens had any distinct idea; nor was it to be expected that they should, since this is a doctrine which natural religion alone is insufficient to develop. In this deficiency we of course recognise the utter inadequacy of their system, even in its most perfect form, to suggest any satisfaction for sin committed against the Divine Being. They had, however, a notion of averting the consequences of crime by sacrifice; of being released by certain expiatory rites from the guilt of homicide; and generally, of appeasing the anger of an offended God by prayers, libations, and public liturgies. What is still more to the point, even in the most refined and civilised era of Grecian history *human* victims were annually immolated as sin-offerings,† or "scape-goats." But of the expected Advent of a Saviour of the world no mention is made in the profane writers of antiquity, although some have detected a trace of a traditional knowledge in a passage of Æschylus, where it is said to the tortured Prometheus, "Of your present pains expect not a release, until a God shall have appeared to take them on himself, and shall have consented *to descend into hell and the dark abodes of Tartarus.*"‡ This is certainly remarkable as an intimation, nearly contemporary with the Prophet Zacharias, of the vicarious suffering of a God; but it is capable of being explained without reference to Jewish tradition, of which, however, it is probable that both the Greeks and Romans had some knowledge.§

Latin *hera*. Just so the name of the river Tiber undoubtedly comes from ὕβρις, *violence:* the verb ὑβρίζω being applied to rivers by Æschylus, *Prom. Vinct.* 736, and Herodotus, i. 189. An initial θ made ΘΥΒΡΙΣ from which we at once derive an old way of writing this word, *Thybris*. Compare θάλασσα, for ἅλασσα, *the sea*, and θέλω, *to wish*, from ἰλάω, *to take*, exactly like the cognate forms *cupio* and *capio*. Now, Theocritus (*Id.* i. 119) mentions a rapid river in Sicily called ΘΥΜΒΡΙΣ, which is a lengthened form of the same word, as ὄμβριμος for ὄβριμος. The existence of a *t* or θ may perhaps be traced in the transposition *hertha* (from θέρω), which Tacitus (*Germ.* 40) tells us was the ancient German word equivalent to our *earth*. Rhea, goddess of earth, is another example of ἔρα changed into ῥέα. A third form is probably ἦρ, *spring:* with which compare θέρος, *summer;* both originally representing aspects of the earth. Ἥρως, *hero*, seems connected with the masculine form; the primitive meaning being *the head of a clan*—a *chieftain*. Compare ἔρως, *love*, the later form of ἔρος, with the feminine Ἥρα.

* See, for instance, Æschylus, Frag. 38.

† Sophocles, Œd. Col. v. 260.

‡ Plato, Symposium, p. 202.

* Plato, Phædrus, cap iv. p. 229.

† See Aristophanes, in the "Knights," v. 1135. Allusion is probably made to this custom in the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, v. 294.

‡ Prometheus Vinctus, 1047.

§ Compare the famous "Pollio," or 4th eclogue of Virgil, so plainly paraphrased from Isaias. It has been inferred, from a passage in the "Plutus" of Aristophanes, that Jews were located in Athens nearly

Of the last Judgment, as well as of future reward and punishment, almost scriptural views were prevalent. "Not even in the world of spirits," says Æschylus,* "shall the incontinent man escape the consequences of his crimes. For even there, *as report says*, a supreme judge holds the last trial among the dead." A volume might, indeed, be filled with extracts from profane writers bearing on this subject, especially from Plato and Lucian; but we shall content ourselves with three or four passages from the former, in which the ideas of retributive justice after death, of heaven and of hell, are expressed in most sublime and forcible language.

III. *Illustrations from Plato.*

"Every person who is punished on a right principle by another is either made better and benefited thereby, or is destined to be an example to the rest, in order that others, seeing him suffer whatever he is doomed to endure, may become better from fear. Now those who are punished, whether by God or man, so as to derive advantage, are such as have committed venial† sins, but who nevertheless are benefited by pains and sufferings, both in this world and the next: *for there is no other way of expiating their sin.* But of those who have committed the worst kinds of offences, and have become incurable on that account, examples are made; for though they can no longer be benefited themselves, still they may benefit others, who see them enduring *for all eternity* the greatest, most painful, and most awful sufferings for their crimes, being hung up in hell as in a prison-house for a public ensample and warning to the wicked, whenever they come thither.

"I therefore, my friend, am convinced by the consideration of these things; and I make it my constant aim that I may present my soul to my Judge as sound and pure as possible. Wherefore, disregarding the honours which engross the many, I shall strive in sober earnest, by keeping truth ever before me, to live and die, when die I must, as good a man as I possibly can; and I exhort all my fellow-creatures, as far as I can influence them, and you who have already appealed to me yourself, to pursue this life and aspire to this contest, which I consider to be before all worldly contests; and I blame you for not being prepared with your plea when the final judgment shall come."‡

Is not this Christian doctrine? Again, a little earlier in the same admirable dialogue,§ Socrates observes: "No one fears the mere circumstance of dying, unless he be plainly irrational and unmanly; it is the sense of sin which he fears; for to descend to the grave with a soul loaded with sin, is of all evils the greatest."

How forcibly this recals to our minds the words of St. Paul, "the sting of death is sin!"‖

The doctrine that every thing is overruled by Providence for our good was inculcated by Socrates on his hearers. "You ought," says he, "to have good hope in death, and to consider that this one thing is true beyond all doubt, that no harm can befal a good man either living or dead, and that his affairs are by no means disregarded and neglected by the gods. So neither is my present sentence of death the result of chance, but it is evident that it was better for me to die now and be released from all my troubles."¶

Invocation of the departed, for their assistance to the living, does not form a conspicuous part of the Platonic philosophy. It is, however, constantly mentioned by the poets, both of Greece and Rome. They were asked to *send up*** blessings from the nether world, from a supposed influence which they had with the Powers below. Between this and the Catholic doctrine of the communion and intercession of Saints, there is therefore a material difference.

The infidel Lucian ridicules the idea of the dead being able to hear the invocation or care for the grief of their living relatives. "What use," asks a dead man, speaking of the lamentations and funeral ceremonies and libations of his friends on earth, "what use is all this to me? So futile and so absurd is it, that if you had not tied up my jaws so very tight with your linen bandages, I should certainly have laughed at it outright."*

The following is from the *Phædo* of Plato. "As soon as the departed have come to the place whither each one is conducted by his destiny, in the first instance they undergo a trial to decide which of them have spent a good and holy, and which of them a bad life. And those who shall appear to have lived neither well nor altogether ill, go away to the river Acheron, and embarking on the craft they find there, arrive at the Stygian lake, and there take up their abode for a time, until, by being purged and punished for their sins, they are released from the guilt, if any one has committed any wrong. Here also they receive the rewards of their good deeds, each according to his deserts. But those who shall be judged incurable, from the heinousness of their crimes,—such, for instance, as have perpetrated many aggravated acts of sacrilege or murder, or other grievous offences of the like kind,—these are cast by their proper destiny into Tartarus, whence they never more come out. Those, however, who shall be deemed to have committed great, though not inexpiable sins, as by violently entreating their parents in anger, and yet shall have passed the rest of their lives in penitence; or who may have been guilty of manslaughter in some other way than by deliberate murder; these cannot, indeed, escape being thrown into Tartarus, but after they have been there for a year, the internal commotion of itself heaves them up again. . . . . On the other hand, those who are considered to have passed an eminently holy life are altogether exempt from these penal dungeons under the earth, and coming at once into the regions of outer air, inhabit a pure abode on the outer surface.† And of these, such as have sufficiently spiritualised their souls by the discipline of philosophy, live altogether without bodies for evermore, and come into abodes still brighter than these, which it is neither easy to declare, nor is the present time adequate to the purpose.

"Now, on account of all this that I have said, we ought to do our best to attain virtue and true wisdom during our lifetime; for the reward is glorious, and the hope is great.

"To insist that these things are exactly as I have described them,‡ is not the part of a sensible man; but that it fares either thus or nearly thus with our souls in respect of their abodes after death (since the immortality of the soul has already been clearly proved), this does appear both right and reasonable for a wise man to believe on the chance of its being strictly true. I say, then, on account of all these considerations, a man should have good hope about his soul, provided he has in his lifetime given up sensual gratifications and bodily comforts, as being alien to him, and likely to do more harm than good, and has interested himself in the pleasures of learning, and in adorning his mind with those true and genuine graces proper to itself—temperance, justice, manliness, freedom, and truth. Thus may we confidently await our summons, and tread fearlessly the path of the grave, whenever our destiny shall call us."§

The above passage contains a very definite expression of the following doctrines:

1. Judgment after death.
2. A state of purification.
3. Reward according to works.
4. Everlasting punishment of the wicked.
5. The efficacy of repentance.
6. Eternal felicity of the good.
7. Necessity of a holy life.
8. Merit of mortifying the body.

IV. *Plato's Ideas of the Divine Perfections.*

The following extract exhibits the sublime conceptions which Plato entertained of perfect beauty, and his fervent aspirations after something purer and holier than the world can supply. Unfortunately, no translation can convey an adequate idea of the splendid diction of the original Greek.

four centuries before Christ, and were even then, as now, proverbially wealthy. See Arist. *Plut.* v. 267.

* Suppliants, v. 225. See particularly Lucian's clever dialogue entitled Κατάπλους, or the Voyage to Hell.

† So, perhaps, we may translate *ἰάσιμα, curable.*

‡ Plato, Georgias, pp. 525, 526.

§ Ibid. p. 522. ‖ 1 Cor. xv. 56. ¶ Apology, p. 41.

** See, for instance, Æschylus, Choëph. 140; Pers. 224, &c.

* Lucian περὶ πένθους, vol. iii. pp. 928, 931.

† Plato pretends that we mortals live in reality not upon but in the earth; but this is only a fiction.

‡ He alludes to the mention of a popular fable abou &c.

§ Plato, Phædo, pp. 113, 114.

"Whoever has been thus far initiated (*i. e.* so as to have attained some faint notion of the principle of Beauty in the abstract), by being led to contemplate the Beautiful through a gradual succession of visible objects, such as I have described, will at length obtain a sudden view of a Beautiful of transcendent and wonderful nature; that very Beautiful, to the realising of which all his past labours have been directed. In the first place, it is eternal, neither produced nor perishing, neither growing nor diminishing; in the second, not partially beautiful and partially unsightly, nor at one time the one, at another the other; nor yet beautiful only in comparison with this thing, but not so with that; nor depending on local opinions, as on the notions of the beautiful prevalent in this or that country; nor again, will it appear to him as of the same nature and character as beautiful faces, or bodily members, or speech, or science;—nor, lastly, consisting in any particular material thing, as in a creature, or in the earth, or the sky, or any other object. It will be presented to him as independently, abstractedly, uniformly beautiful; such, that while all beautiful objects, deriving their character from it, are transient and perishable, itself knows neither increase nor diminution, and is incapable of being in any way affected. When, therefore, a person having climbed, step by step, from the lowest to the most perfect of beautiful objects, begins to obtain a glimpse of that ideal Beauty, he may rely on being near the object of his search. The steps I allude to are, to proceed, with an especial view to that end, from particular to general beauty; from the beauty of one person, to contemplate that of two; and then that of all comprehensively. From personal beauty he must go on to the beauty of pursuits; from these to that of sciences; until he shall finally reach that science which is itself the science of Abstract Beauty. It is here, if any where—in the perpetual contemplation of Perfect Beauty—that life is life indeed. When once you have seen this, it will not appear to you to be of the same kind as the beauty of gold, or garments, or handsome youths, which now excite within you so much admiration. What must we suppose would be our sensations, were it given us to gaze on Perfect Beauty itself—pure, absolute, unmixed; not defiled by its union with human flesh and colours and the other trumpery of worthless mortality, but in its One Divine Aspect? Think you it would be other than a glorious life, ever to be looking towards it, ever contemplating it with that faculty which is alone capable of conceiving it, the mind, and not the bodily eye, and ever to be with it? Do you not imagine that there, and there alone, in perpetual contemplation of this Beauty Divine, we should generate and produce, not a mere semblance, as not being in contact with an unreality, but genuine and perfect virtue; and so, having conceived and brought to maturity that true virtue, we should become the loved of God, and like Him immortal?"*

This fine passage is not intended to describe the actual state of the blessed in heaven, but rather to intimate that gradual assimilation to the Divine nature and attributes in this life, which can alone lead to the capability of enjoying the presence of God hereafter.

But how magnificently, how sublimely is this great Christian doctrine itself embodied in the following extract!

"If you could but persuade all men, my dear Socrates, to think as you do, there would be more peace and less of evil in the world."

"Alas, my friend, it is impossible for evil either to be abolished altogether (since there must ever exist a principle antagonistic to good), or to have its abode in heaven. No; it is doomed to haunt this mortal nature, and to frequent this world of ours. Our endeavours must therefore be to fly hence thitherward with all possible speed. Now, to fly from evil is to assimilate ourselves, according to the best of our power, to God; and the process of assimilation consists in becoming just and holy, as well as truly wise.† But, my excellent friend, 'tis a hard task to make men understand, that it is not from the ordinary and popular motives of avoiding wickedness and pursuing virtue, that they ought to practise the one and not the other,—namely, that they may gain credit for loving virtue and hating vice,—for this is mere nonsense, as it seems to me; but let us lay down the true grounds thus. God is in nothing and in no respect unrighteous, but on the contrary, most righteous; and there is nothing which so nearly resembles Him as that man who shall have attained to the greatest possible degree of goodness. And herein is exhibited the true ability, as well as the worthlessness and want of character of a man. For the knowledge of this is genuine wisdom and virtue, as the ignorance of it implies dulness and manifest baseness. Every other kind of wisdom and cleverness, popularly so considered, becomes, in politics, a low ambition; in the arts, mercenary and tradesmanlike. It is therefore by far the best way, not to allow the claim of cleverness in what is bad to the party who acts unjustly, or who says or does what is unholy. For they glory in that which is really their shame, and flatter themselves that it is said of them, how that they are no fools, no useless burdens of earth, but MEN; men such as those must be, who intend to come off safe in a state. No; they must be told the plain truth, that they are what they do not think themselves, exactly in proportion as they do not think it;* inasmuch as they know not the penalty of unrighteousness, which they ought on no account to be ignorant of. For it consists not in stripes and death, which sometimes even the guilty contrive to escape, but is one which no power can elude.

"There are two models, so to speak, in the nature of things; on the one hand, God, the source of all happiness; on the other, Irreligion,† the bane of life and cause of all wretchedness.

"Now these foolish and infatuated boasters, incapable of comprehending this, unconsciously assimilate themselves by their wicked actions to the latter, and at the same time become more and more unlike the former. And they pay the penalty of pursuing this course, in living a life like to that model which they have chosen to follow; the model of ungodliness and consequent misery. Now, if we assure them, that unless they relinquish their deceptive notions of cleverness, they cannot hereafter be received into that place where nothing bad can enter, but must ever, while on earth, pass the miserable existence which is after their own nature; all this they will regard as the speech of a fool addressed to very shrewd and cunning men."‡

Here the true motive of virtue, to please God, and not to gain the good opinion of man; the perfect righteousness of God; the misery and infatuation of a sinful life; the exclusion of every thing impure and polluted from heaven; and the inevitable punishment of sin, are propounded with a clearness and solemnity quite astonishing in a heathen. The whole subject, however, is so full of interest and instruction, that we shall take an early opportunity of returning to it, in order to trace still further the singular and pure stream of religious truth which runs amidst the desert of the Pagan morality and mythology.

* Plato, Symposium, p. 211.
† Plato considered *wisdom* the basis of all true virtue.

* That is, they are wretched in proportion to their ignorance of the consequences they are incurring.
† In the Greek, θεὸν, *of God*, and ἄθεον, *without God*. For the Greek philosophers did not know the personality of the Spirit of Evil.
‡ Plato, Theætetus, pp. 176, 177.

Journal of the Week.

March 17.

ONE of the most important features in the administration of the Poor-law was discussed last night in the House of Commons. Lord Ashley brought forward a series of resolutions, for affording immediate out-door medical aid to women in childbirth, for the appointment of medical inspectors, and for settling other points of detail. Mr. C. Buller opposed them all, on the ground that they would themselves frustrate the object they had in view. Mr. Wakley was their chief supporter; and if he did not make out a complete case in their favour, he shewed too plainly the urgent need for some changes in the present working of the medical portion of the Poor-law. The resolutions were all negatived.

The commercial panic in Paris is assuming a fearful aspect. The Provisional Government has authorised the cessation of

cash payments by the Bank of France. The following decree of the Provisional Government of that date adopts the principle, and prohibits temporarily further payments in specie by the Bank:

"Art. 1. From the date of the publication of the present decree the notes of the Bank of France shall be received as a legal tender by the public officers and private individuals.

Art. 2. Until further orders, the Bank is dispensed from the obligation of paying its notes in specie.

Art. 3. In no case shall the issue of the Bank and its branch banks exceed 350,000,000 f.

Art. 4. In order to facilitate the circulation, the Bank of France is authorised to issue small notes, which, however, shall not be of a lower denomination than 100 f."

It would appear that this measure, deplorable as it is, could not have been avoided. The run upon the Bank on Wednesday was awful. The applicants for money were so numerous, that they were obliged to place themselves *en queue*, as at the entrances to the theatres on crowded nights; and although this facilitated their progress, the last comer was an hour and a half before he reached the cash-office of the Bank. That this extreme measure would be the cause of further commercial and banking disasters was not doubted. The panic has been so great, that on Wednesday, in one instance, 105 francs were paid for gold in exchange for a thousand-franc note.

An arbitrary measure of the French Government, by which they have fused together all the regiments of the National Guard, in order to ensure the election of ultra-republican officers, has caused intense dissatisfaction. A large body of the National Guards demand the revocation of the decree.

From Vienna, it is stated that for some days past a sort of Constitution had been talked of, on the model of the Prussian United Diet. It is said that the Councillor of State, M. von Pipitz, is charged with the elaboration of the scheme, which, after having been revised by the Baron Pillersdorff, will be submitted to the Council of State. The Constitution will be common to all the hereditary states of Germany; but Italy will not be allowed to participate in the benefit until all uneasiness respecting the disposition of the people of that country towards Austria has been allayed.

The King of Holland has been performing an astonishing feat in the way of monarchical privilege. His Majesty has declared to the Second Chamber of the States-General, that he will adopt any measure of reform they may choose to originate; and that he had determined on this sudden change of policy without consulting his Ministers! As a matter of course, the Ministry instantly resigned. The commercial pressure in Amsterdam is also very serious.

On the 9th instant, Lola Montes made another fruitless attempt to take Munich by storm. She was, however, instantly detected, and sent back to Lindau under the escort of the police.

March 18.

Sir Benjamin Hall, in his motion of last night in the House of Commons, assuredly forgot the old proverb, that "it is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back." Whatever be the theoretical question as to the propriety of imposing the income-tax upon Ireland, we can hardly conceive a more unfortunate hour for the imposition than the present. The whole question may be disposed of in a word — Ireland *could not* pay the income-tax. Such was certainly the general feeling in the debate which followed on the motion. On the part of the Government the Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the proposition, and it was negatived by 218 to 138.

On Thursday last, a deputation of master and journeymen bakers waited upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department to solicit the support of Government in the application they are about to make to parliament for a legislative enactment for the abolition of night-work and for the limitation of the hours of labour. After some observations from Mr. Wakley and some members of the deputation, Sir George Grey replied that he would give the matter due consideration, and that he could say that Government would not stand in the way of any practicable measure that would be deemed fair to all parties. Mr. Wakley, after calling the attention of Sir George Grey to the shortness of the duration of life among the journeymen-bakers, said that a similar interference to that now sought had been practised by Government in the case of the coalwhippers of London, and, he would add, with the most beneficial results.

The Queen and Prince Albert have put down their names for 200*l.* towards the subscription in aid of the work-people expelled from France.

A Government-reporter was present at the last meeting of the Irish Confederation, and took down the speeches of O'Brien and Meagher. Something may come of this.

Paris continues vehemently excited; the decree of the Provisional Government dissolving the *compagnies d'élite* of the National Guard has awoke a storm of opposition in that body. A lithographed circular, calling on the men of the various legions to proceed *en masse* to the Hôtel de Ville, has been issued. They were to march in uniform *avec le sabre*; but before the bills were posted these words were erased with a pen, and they proceeded to their destination unarmed. The crowd gathered in immense numbers in front of the Hôtel de Ville at an early hour. The Guards were received by the mob with cries very unlike those which have hitherto greeted them. The act of the Government is regarded by the populace as another step towards the establishment of perfect equality, and the reluctance of the Guard to comply with the decree is treated as a kind of manifestation of aristocratism. It is thought to be the first symptom of a reaction. The mob on the Place was frequently divided into groups, gathering round some orator of the hour. The tone of the speeches was unfavourable to the *démarche* of the National Guard, who seem suddenly to have fallen into bad odour.

March 20.

On Saturday the Queen gave birth to a Princess. The demonstrations in Dublin on St. Patrick's day all passed off peaceably; but the seditious and ferocious language of the *United Irishman* and its friends becomes more startling every day.

The National Guard in Paris has succumbed to the populace. Each party made its demonstration on Friday. The Guards met to the number of 13,000—the people in far larger crowds. They looked at one another for hours, the Guards being unable to proceed through the dense throng to the Hotel de Ville, where their remonstrance against the decree of the Provisional Government was to have been presented. After much shouting, singing, and drumming, both parties quietly separated; and the National Guard ceased to be the idol of the French people.

Revolution threatens at Berlin and in Vienna. In Berlin the populace are stated to be still in a state of turbulence, if not actual insurrection. There has been a very serious collision between the people and the military, the students being prominent among the people, acting as their leaders, and bearing the brunt of the conflict. Ten deaths resulted, and there were upwards of a hundred wounded.

In Vienna the Austrian Government has thrown down the gauntlet to Hungary. On the proposition of Prince Metternich, the Supreme Council of State has pronounced the dissolution of the Hungarian Parliament. The Hungarian Chancery was convoked to devise means of executing that measure, which may be attended with the most fatal consequences.

The Chamber of Deputies of Hungary had recommended the Emperor "to surround his throne with constitutional institutions in accord with the ideas of the age," and demands those institutions for the whole empire. The Chamber of Magnats has fully concurred in the address. Every day couriers are despatched to St. Petersburgh. The Bourse is in a state of the utmost consternation, and the Exchequer will soon be drained, notwithstanding the Russian loan, which must soon be exhausted. Even the population of Vienna, formerly so calm and impassible, is in the greatest agitation, and loudly calls out for reform.

March 21.

A small minority voted last night in the House of Commons against the Navy Estimates of the Ministry. Mr. Cobden was the chief speaker on the side of the minority, and repeated

what he had said at Manchester about the injudicious disposition of our naval forces, and the needlessness of standing fleets and armies. Lord Palmerston ridiculed Mr. Cobden's notions; and the amendment was lost by a majority of ten to one.

The most startling foreign news is from Austria. An *émeute* has so far succeeded in Vienna, as to force a resignation from Metternich. On the assembling of the Landstaende, or representative body, on the 13th, an immense number of petitions were presented from all classes of the population, including the members of the universities, requiring reforms suited to the progress of the times. The excitement led to collisions with the military, but the number killed appears not to exceed twelve or twenty. In the evening, Prince Metternich tendered his resignation, and he speedily quitted Vienna. On the following day, the organisation of National Guards was conceded, and proclaimed, together with the liberty of the press; and on the 15th a proclamation was issued, convening the meeting of the General Estates of the country for the 3d of July, or earlier if possible. In the suburbs, great excesses and destruction of property are understood to have occurred; but in the city, both property and person were respected. Already the enrolment of the National Guard is in rapid progress; it is to consist of 60,000 men. At the moment the post was leaving, the Emperor was driving through the city in the midst of acclamations; and in the evening, the funeral of those who had been slain in the outbreak was to take place with great solemnity. Although general business had been suspended, the banks and savings-banks still continued their payments.

The Berlin agitations have continued hitherto with success on the part of the king, though with the loss of many lives. In Magdeburg also blood has been shed.

At Paris, "the Ambassador of England," says the *Moniteur*, "having demanded friendly explanations relative to the presentation of an Irish flag by an Irish deputation, which was received at the Hôtel de Ville on Friday, the Minister for Foreign Affairs replied to him that France recognised no other national flag in England than that of the three United Kingdoms; and added that, in his answer to the Irish, he had made use of no expression that was not conformable to that idea, at the same time that he had manifested the sympathies of France towards religious and liberal Ireland."

A "monster" meeting in Dublin, to sympathise with the French, and petition for repeal, has been summoned by the members of the Irish Confederation.

March 22.

A very pretty bubble of "horrible news" burst last night in the House of Commons. For some days past, all sorts of rumours have been spread about the cause of the sudden departure of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier from England; and the very gullible public began to place credit in a story that the Provisional Government of Paris had communicated to the English Ministry certain proofs that the Duke was at the bottom of a plot for poisoning his sister-in-law, the Queen of Spain. It was even said that the Duke had been summoned before the Privy Council, and confronted with his own handwriting. Sheets soaked in arsenic (!) were supposed to have been one of the means taken to destroy the young Queen. Yesterday, accordingly, Lord Dudley Stuart asked Lord Palmerston whether any such communications had been made on the part of the French Government, and was assured that the whole story was a pure fiction, that the Duke and Duchess had left of their own accord, but that the Ministry would have preferred their staying in England. Lord Palmerston also informed the House that there was no foundation in the report that the British Government had apologised, through Lord Normanby, to the Provisional Government for our reception of the ex-Royal Family. Private letters had passed with a view of allaying any suspicions the French people might entertain, but that was all.

The telegraphic despatches, like the gossips, have been playing false with the rumour-loving world. Yesterday, they announced in London what they had told in Paris on Monday, that the King of Prussia had abdicated, and gone nobody knew where, after a fight in which five hundred men were killed. It turns out on calculation, that as there are no telegraphs between Berlin and Mayence (by which latter place the news comes), distance makes it *physically* impossible that the tale should be true.

The *Austrian Observer* (the official Gazette) of the 14th instant, has the following account of the late changes or revolution. Probably such a notification never before appeared in its pages: "The tranquillity of our capital was disturbed yesterday, but, thanks to the energetic intervention of the burgesses and the inhabitants, it is now re-established. His Imperial Majesty, influenced by the intentions of his paternal heart, has accorded:—1st, Full liberty of the press; 2d, The formation of a National Guard, for which all citizens are invited to enrol themselves. M. de Metternich, ex-Chancellor, resigned last evening, and quitted Vienna this morning. The troops have completely evacuated the city, which is now entrusted to the guard of the inhabitants, in whom his Imperial Majesty places all his confidence."

The reforms promised by another of the absolute monarchs, the King of Hanover, are also now definitely stated. After hearing a deputation from the States, he asked time for consideration; but the delay was objected to, as altogether needless, and in half an hour the King's reply was made known to them. This important document grants, first, freedom of the press; secondly, the convention and public deliberation of the States; thirdly, an amnesty for all political offences. Nor were the rest of their demands rejected, although the Royal reply in that respect is less specific, and therefore less satisfactory.

The "monster" meeting called by the Irish Confederation on Monday, passed off quietly, and was *monstrous* only in the sentiments of the speakers, which were as bloodthirsty as usual.

March 23.

A desultory debate took place in the Commons yesterday, on Mr. S. Crawford's Tenant-Right Bill, the chief point discussed being the comparative merits of this measure and of Sir W. Somerville's. Mr. Trelawney maintained that evictions—meaning, of course, evictions as now practised — were not unjust; probably intending to introduce a new version of the old proverb, and to say for the future, *Summum jus* non *est summa injuria*. The debate was adjourned.

From Ireland the important news has arrived, that the Government has taken the first step towards a prosecution of Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher.

The one great feature of the French Revolution is developing itself with a frightful significance — property is being *compelled* to do the will of the majority. The increase of the military force is urged forward with a recklessness of expenditure; while all foreign artisans are driven from France, and even provincial Frenchmen from Paris. The financial crisis is only postponed for a brief space.

In Berlin, what is said to have been, and probably was, a mistake, has brought the kingdom to the brink of revolution. The King had published a most important document (which we give elsewhere), putting himself forward as the head of a general German federal movement, and had promised great concessions in the way of reform; and the people went in an immense mass to the palace, to cry "*Vivat*" to his majesty. By some unfortunate and fatal misapprehension, however, the troops on their advance fired—a scene similar in its nature to that which occurred in Paris before the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Many persons were killed, and a general cry of "To arms!" and insurrection followed instantaneously. The last tidings announce that, after a severe struggle, the troops had driven the people behind the barricades. The King had issued a touching appeal to the inhabitants, and had changed his ministry.

The Bank of Rome is said to have temporarily suspended its payments, in consequence of not receiving the specie it expected from different parts of Italy. This measure has spread the greatest alarm among the holders of notes and the small traders. A sacrilege has been committed in the church of St. Peter. The shrine containing the head of St. Andrew, with about 30,000 crowns' worth of jewels, was forced open on the 10th, and the precious relics stolen.

Reviews.

Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Granddaughter of Henri Quatre, and Niece of Queen Henrietta-Maria. Written by Herself. Edited from the French. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn.

Few periods in history have had a greater abundance of professed chroniclers than the reign of Louis XIV. And yet our knowledge of the actual history of this most important reign would be but meagre and imperfect after all, if we had been left dependent upon its professed—perhaps we should rather say professional—historians. They have supplied us, it is true, with facts in abundance. They have traced the series of events with unexceptionable regularity; they have constructed the framework of the history with most laborious and philosophical precision. After all, however, they have left us but a skeleton; complete, perhaps, in all its parts, and correct in all its anatomical proportions; but it was reserved for other hands to give it life and reality, to clothe it in actual flesh and blood, and to place its history before us in all the freshness and impressiveness of a great drama of which we have ourselves been witnesses, and with whose actors we can almost imagine ourselves to have lived, and acted, and conversed.

It is to the *mémoiristes* of the court and times of Louis XIV. that we owe that familiarity with the personal character and history of this monarch and his most distinguished contemporaries, which is the best key to a true understanding of the events in which they took part. And although much of the information derived from such a source is necessarily one-sided or apocryphal, yet the very abundance of our informants supplies a means of checking at least the most important of their statements. It is an advantage to be able to compare the rigorous and severe portraits of the Jansenistical Duc de St. Simon with the more genial sketches of the gay Marquis de Dangeau; the solemn and prosaic narration of Madame de Maintenon is a safe set-off against the liveliness of a dashing and flippant scandal-monger like Madame de Motteville; the coarse and often indecent anecdotes of the Duchess of Orleans find their *pendants* in the refined sentimentalisms of the inimitable De Sevignè; and in the eyes of the judicious student of history there is hardly one of them all which may not occasionally supply a useful and satisfactory commentary even upon the most careful and well-considered statements of the professional historian.

We must confess, however, that there are many writers of this class, important as it must be acknowledged to be, whose works have no legitimate use except as materials for the historian, and are especially unfitted for popular use and for indiscriminate circulation. We cannot too strongly express our reprobation of the circulation in a cheap form of such works as the hateful *Memoirs of the Count de Grammont*, which forms one of the extra volumes of *Bohn's Standard Library;* or of the still more objectionable project of republishing the Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, or those of Madame d'Epinay. There is no amount of historical information which we should consent to purchase at such a sacrifice of decency, propriety, and every good feeling, as is implied in the circulation of these coarse and indelicate productions; and we can well believe that opinion to be just which attributes to these very books that utter corruption of the moral perceptions of the French population, and that total obliteration, as it were, of the moral sense from the national mind, which alone will explain the suddenness and the completeness of the overthrow of religion amongst them at the first outbreak of the old revolution.

The *Memoirs of Madlle. de Montpensier*, however, are almost entirely free from objection on this score; and the translator to whom we are indebted for their appearance in an English dress has completely removed every source of scruple. Indeed, it is not easy to understand that a gay, gossiping, scandal-telling, and not over-prudish history of a court so licentious as that of Louis XIV. could have steered so clear, not alone of actual coarseness and indelicacy, but even of offensive and objectionable insinuations and allusions; and if it were not that, even considered as mere history, such pictures are of their own nature dangerous and seductive, we know few books more entertaining, and at the same time less objectionable than these lively memoirs.

Madlle. de Montpensier, however, is not in any sense of the word a historian. She writes not as a stateswoman or a politician—hardly even as a princess. In the pages of these volumes she is a mere woman, considering events and characters, not in their bearing upon great public interests, or their relation to great political concerns, but in their connexion with everyday life at court, and more especially with her own personal interests at the time, and with some one or other of the many matrimonial speculations which formed the great business of her life. Even the great public events in which she herself took a leading and not undistinguished part—the War of the Fronde—in which she won the praise of great personal courage, and no inconsiderable military skill, as well as talent for political negotiation; even these occupy but a small share of her attention, and are evidently far less momentous in her eyes than the meanest and least important circumstance connected with her cherished schemes of matrimonial aggrandisement. We shall make no apology, therefore, for regarding her memoirs chiefly, if not exclusively, under this relation, and for abstaining from all consideration of the political history of the period to which they refer.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, commonly known by the name of La Grande Mademoiselle, was the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the second son of Henri Quatre, Monsieur, and brother of Louis XIII. Her mother was Gaston's first wife, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, heiress of the house of Guise, from which inheritance our heroine derived all her vast wealth and territorial possessions. She was born in 1627, and was brought up in the court of her aunt, Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII., and Regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. Her father, having incurred the jealousy of his brother Louis, was banished from the court; and Mademoiselle incurred thus early a share of his disfavour. Long, however, before she was of an age to feel its disadvantages, she had been restored to her natural position; and her ambitious hopes, to the pursuit of which she devoted her life, may possibly be attributed to the half-caressing half-serious promise made to her by the Queen, even before the birth of Louis XIV., *"Vous serez ma belle fille;"* in virtue of which she was trained to call the royal infant "her little husband" from his very cradle.

It would seem that even royal pupils are not above playing tricks upon their governesses.

"A new governess was now spoken of, and I went to the convent of the Carmelites of St. Denis to wait until the matter was decided. I wrote to the Queen to beg that I might have Madame de Fiesque or Madame de Tillière, both persons of merit and virtue. I liked the latter best, but mentioned the former as an alternative, knowing that she had been ill for six months, and expecting that the duty would be too much for her. The appointment was, nevertheless, a marvellous remedy for her ailings; for no sooner had Monsieur made known his wishes that she should undertake the charge, than her strength was restored as by a miracle. Monsieur sent to me at Saint Denis, where I had remained for eight days, an intimation of the choice which he had made, and desired to know when it would please me to receive the lady. I fixed the next day, and afterwards found that she was preferred on account of her being a widow. She had been *dame d'atour* to my mother, and this arrangement was made as a provision for her, or rather to get her out of the way. Monsieur knew that I liked her as little as he did. When she arrived at St. Denis, I received her very well, and even expressed much joy at being placed in her care, having, in a measure, brought it about. She answered that she knew it well, and that she was very much obliged to me. Thus the first day passed very peaceably; she was extremely agreeable, and amused me with histories of former times. She commenced her superintendence by requiring an inventory of my trinkets, that I might not part with any of them without her permission. She then took the key from my writing-desk, and this she kept, saying that it was proper she should see my correspondence. Such conduct as this displeased me extremely, and I found her control very annoying; nevertheless, and though we often quarrelled, I bore it without complaining. I had one day a severe cold, and my physician ordered me some medicine, which I cared not to take. Madame thought that, although I was now thirteen years old, she could treat me as a child, and shut me in my room, telling me, through the door,

that I was ill, and should see nobody. I found this manner of proceeding very irksome, and I might have been refractory, but I shewed only the resentment of a child; I found means to escape from my room, went to her cabinet, where I knew she was, locked her in, and carried away the key. Here she remained for some hours, being unwilling to send for the locksmith. From this time she grew less *exigeante*, and allowed me to see the world, though it only gave occasion for constant bickerings between us."

Soon after this period, however, her matrimonial schemes commenced in good earnest, the "little husband" being yet an infant; and a still more splendid *partie*—the Emperor Ferdinand (though twenty years her senior) having, by the death of his first wife, come into the matrimonial market, she was led to entertain hopes of this alliance; and in the expectation of success she looked coldly on the proposals of the Prince of Wales, after Charles II., who became a suitor for her hand at the same time. This alliance was pressed upon her with great earnestness by the Prince's mother Queen Henrietta, who had been driven from England by the commencement of the revolutionary movement; and her conduct furnishes an amusing enough evidence that mothers, even though they be Queens, are not above the most clumsy and common-place devices of match-making.

"The unhappy state of affairs in England continuing, the King despatched the Prince of Wales, his son, to France for safety. The court was at Fontainebleau when he arrived, and their majesties went to meet him to the end of the forest, where they alighted from their carriages, when the Queen of England presented her son to the King, and then to the Queen, who kissed him. He afterwards saluted the princess and myself. He was then about seventeen years old, and tall for his age—a beautiful head, black hair, a brown complexion, and of a tolerable figure. The worst was, that he neither spoke nor in any manner understood the French language. Yet we did not let him want for good company; and during the three days he remained at Fontainebleau, the amusement of hunting was afforded him, with every other of which the time would allow; and he paid visits to all the princesses. I saw in a moment that the Queen of England much wished me to believe that he was in love with me: he was almost the only subject of her conversation; and she remarked how he wished to come into my room at all times; that he found me much to his taste; and that he was in despair at the death of the Empress, from the fear that I should be compelled to marry the Emperor. I heard what she had to say as I ought; but I replied to nothing as she might have wished me. I think that, had he pleaded his own cause, he would have been equally unsuccessful. I know that I did not much value what they told me on the part of a man who could say nothing whatever for himself."

The Emperor, however, though she refused the Prince of Wales for his sake, was ungrateful enough to turn his thoughts elsewhere; and she endeavoured to console herself for this failure by attracting the attention of his brother, the Archduke Leopold, who, she was assured, would certainly be King of Spain, and probably would succeed to the empire at no distant day. With this view she went even to the extreme and indelicate length of despatching an envoy on her own account, to prepare matters for the negotiation. But this scheme too, besides involving her in a court quarrel, proved equally abortive.

It was not easy now to decide to what quarter she might next turn. The Emperor and the King of Spain were married; the King of Hungary was engaged to the Infanta; Louis XIV. and his brother Monsieur were too young; the petty Kings of Germany and Italy were too inconsiderable; and it would seem that after all the now dethroned heir of the English throne was her only resource. But this indefatigable plotter saw farther than this. *The new Empress was enceinte, and might possibly die in her confinement;* and upon this possibility she was fain to build. Charles renewed his addresses.

"I found him looking very well, and much improved since he had left France: could I have believed his mind to have been more suited to my own, it is possible he might have pleased me better.

"When he was seated in the coach, the King spoke to him of the dogs and horses of the Prince of Orange, and of the chase in the country he had just quitted. He replied in French. The Queen asked him some particulars respecting his affairs, but he answered not a word; and on her proceeding to question him on many serious points, which concerned him much, he excused himself by saying that he was very little acquainted with our language. I confess that, from this moment, I resolved on declining his proposals; for I formed a bad opinion of him as King, from his having, at the age which he had reached, so little knowledge of his own affairs. In him I recognised the blood of the Bourbons, a race, myself perhaps included in it, too much engrossed in the pursuit of bagatelles.

"On our return, dinner was served. The King ate no ortolans, but threw himself upon a piece of beef and a shoulder of mutton, as though there had been nothing else—his taste appearing to me to be as good in these as in some other particulars. After dinner, the Queen amused herself apart, and left me with him: he remained for a quarter of an hour without uttering a word. I was willing to believe that his silence resulted rather from his respect than from his want of passion; and, I confess, I wished that, on this occasion, he had dispensed with a little of it. At length, feeling wearied, I called Madame de Comminges towards us, in the hope that this would make him speak; and, happily, it succeeded.

"Monsieur de la Rivière observed of the King—'He stared at you all the time of dinner, and cannot even now keep his eyes from you.' I replied, 'So long as he says nothing, there is no use in his staring; he must try to please me.'

'You make a jest of the soft things he says,' answered he.

'Pardon me,' I replied; 'come near when he is by, and you will perceive how he sets about it.'

"The Queen arose; I approached the King of England, and, to induce him to speak, I asked concerning some gentlemen of his suite whom I had known. To this he replied, but without adding a single syllable on any more interesting subject.

"The time for his departure arrived, and we got into the coach to conduct him to the middle of the forest, where we again descended, as we had done on his arrival. He took leave of the King, and then, with my Lord Germain, came towards me, and said, 'I hope that my Lord Germain, who is a much better speaker than myself, has sufficiently explained to you my sentiments and my intentions: I am your very obedient servant.' To which I replied, 'I am *your* very obedient servant.' Germain then paid me many compliments for him; after which, the King saluted me, and took his departure."

Singular to tell, her calculations proved well-founded. The Empress died; and, as Mademoiselle had anticipated, in child-birth. This was a severe blow to the hopes of Charles; but we find his mother again at her match-making schemes. It is difficult to suppress a smile while we read.

"The King of England, who was to have been only thirteen days in France, remained there three months; but as the court was in Paris, and he with the Queen his mother at St. Germain, we saw little of him. When I heard that he was about to take his departure, I went to pay my respects to the Queen his mother, and to take leave of him. She said, 'We must congratulate you on the death of the Empress; for if the affair went off on a former occasion, it will not do so again.' I replied, 'That I did not give it a thought.' She continued, observing, 'Not far off is a man who is persuaded that a king of eighteen is worth more than an emperor of fifty, with four children.' She ran on for some time in this provoking manner, and concluded by remarking, 'My son is too poor and too unfortunate for you.' Assuming a milder tone, she then pointed out to me an English lady of whom her son was enamoured, saying, 'He is very apprehensive lest you should discover it: see, how ashamed he looks at her while you are present; he fears that I shall tell you of it.' The King then went away, and the Queen took me to her cabinet; and having shut the door, observed, 'The King my son has begged of me to ask your pardon, if the proposal he has made is displeasing to you. Such is the idea that possesses him; he cannot get rid of it—he is quite in despair about it. I should not have charged myself with this commission, but he proposed it so earnestly I could not decline. I agree with you in thinking that you would not have been happy with him, and I love you too well to desire this, although it would be for his advantage that you should share his bad fortune. All that I can desire is, that his voyage may be prosperous, and that afterwards you will keep him in remembrance.' I returned her my most respectful compliments, expressed my gratitude for the kindness with which she had spoken to me, and took leave of her to go to Poissy, about two leagues from Paris.

"The Duke of York said he would go with me, and that I could leave him, on my return, at St. Germain. The King of England also expressed a wish to accompany me, but I would not allow of it, remarking that the Duke of York was merely a boy, and that therefore there was no harm in my taking him. The King then requested the Queen his mother to accompany him, to which she consented; so I took them both in my coach. The Queen spoke of nothing all the way but the friend-

ship in which her son would live with his wife, and of his attaching himself to none but her. This the King confirmed, adding, that he could not understand how a man having a sensible wife could love any other woman; that, for himself, any such sentiment he might previously have entertained should cease on the day he married. I willingly believed it; but it was sufficiently evident that the conversation was not unpremeditated.

"I left the Queen at Poissy. The King handed me to my carriage, and made me some forced compliments, but still without a word of tenderness. It mattered not, for I was again thinking of the empire, and could think of nothing else."

It will easily be guessed, however, that, while the empire was vacant, a *mere King*—and he, too, a throneless one—had but slender chance of success. Undeterred by previous failure, Mademoiselle, with her father's approval, sent another envoy to Vienna. She had hardly taken the step, however, when she repented it.

"On the return of Monsieur de Comminges, captain of the Queen's guard, having great esteem for and confidence in him, I spoke of Saujon's journey, told him how it had been arranged, and that, in fact, he was already at Vienna. He replied, 'If your Royal Highness will permit me to express my opinion on the subject, I must say, that I think it was most injudicious to send Saujon at all; and I cannot think how he could be so silly as to undertake the journey.' He then added, 'You are the greatest Princess in the world, and the most considerable match at this time in France or in all Europe. Nevertheless, it is so managed as to make it appear a great affair to marry you to the Emperor, who is an old man, with children, and who, under any circumstances, ought to consider himself too happy to be allowed to ask your hand upon his knees. Nay, it has been allowed to become known that you have taken a part in the affair, and *that* through the means of a person devoted to your service. I must confess to you, that it will be considered as a stain on your reputation; and I would have given any thing to have been at Paris in time to have prevented it.' I felt that he was right, and was very sorry that it was too late to remedy the evil."

And here, again, she was doomed to disappointment! The Emperor was engaged to the Princess of Mantua. The interest which she took in these negotiations, however, was beginning to be interrupted by the excitement of the times, and by the prominent position in public into which she was thrown. The discontent which eventuated in the celebrated War of the Fronde was rapidly increasing in Paris; and the court was obliged to withdraw to St. Germains with a precipitation of which one is forcibly reminded by the recent misfortunes of the younger branch of the Bourbons. It is not a little curious that the *émeute* originated in circumstances very similar to those which accompanied the late revolution; and that the system of barricades, so successfully employed on every subsequent occasion, had even then reached a high degree of perfection. No less than two hundred barricades were formed in an inconceivably short space of time, and were extended to within a hundred paces of the Palais Royal.

But it is more in keeping with our general purpose in this notice to let Mademoiselle tell the straits to which the court was reduced in their precipitate flight. It is not a little amusing to read of "La Grande Mademoiselle" obliged to lie in bed till a change of linen could be provided for her.

"On reaching St. Germains, we alighted at the chapel to hear mass: the remainder of the day was passed in questioning all who arrived as to what was going on at Paris. I was under much uneasiness respecting my *équipage*: for I knew the timidity of Madame de Fiesque's nature, and that she would neither leave Paris herself nor send my attire as I had requested. She, however, sent my coach, a mattress, and a little linen; but finding myself, even then, but badly off, I applied for assistance at the place where Madame and Monsieur lodged. Here I procured two femmes-de-chambre, and we were all much amused on comparing each other's destitute condition. I lay in a very beautiful room at the top of the house, large, painted, and gilt, but with little fire, and no glass in the windows, which was not very pleasant in the month of January. My mattress was placed on the ground, and, having no bed of her own, my little sister slept with me. I was forced to sing her to sleep, but her repose did not last long; she troubled my rest; and in this manner the night passed. This was any thing but agreeable to me, who had slept but little the night preceding, and had been troubled all the winter with a cold and sore throat, which, however, were cured apparently by this fatigue.

"Happily for me, beds for Monsieur and Madame now arrived; and they had the goodness to give me their room, and to sleep themselves in one the Prince had lent them. No one knew of my being in Monsieur's apartment; I was awakened by a great noise, and on opening my curtain, was much surprised to find my room filled with men in great buff collars. They were astonished at seeing me, and knew me as little as I knew them. I had not here even a change of linen; my night-dress was washed during the day, and my day *chemise* during the night. I had no women to dress my hair or to assist in attiring me, which was very inconvenient. I remained thus for six days, at the end of which time my *équipage* arrived.

"Not so with the rest of the court at St. Germain; those who had beds had no hangings for them, and those who had hangings were perhaps without dresses for themselves. It was feared at Paris that the Cardinal's effects would be removed, under the pretext that they belonged to the King and Queen; and nothing, therefore, was allowed to pass. Their Majesties were in want of every thing, whilst all that I required was sent to me. Nothing could equal the civilities I now received. The Queen asked of me to send a chariot to bring her some attire, which I was happy to do; and not only for the sake of serving her, but to shew her that I was of some consequence.

"When a pacification was spoken of, I took but little interest in the discussion, for I thought at that time of nothing but my amusement. I had been happy enough at St. Germain, and I fancied I could willingly pass my life there. I knew little then either of the public good or of that of the state, although my position might have been thought likely to inspire me with some regard for them; but when young and heedless, pleasure seems to be one's chief desire. Yet, when peace was made, I was the first to go to Paris, asking permission of the Queen and Monsieur, under the plea of condoling with the Queen of England upon the death of the King her husband, who had, two months previously, been beheaded by the Parliament. The court did not go into a general mourning on this occasion, for want of means; and I had forgotten to state that we at St. Germain were in the position in which it was sought to place the people of Paris; the intention was to starve them; nevertheless they were well off, and we were often wanting even provisions, the troops in the environs taking every thing intended for us."

Even in these straits, however, she did not suspend her matrimonial projects. The young Duke of York (afterwards James II.) seems for a time to have occupied her thoughts as a more desirable *partie* than his brother. Both this scheme, however, and the addresses of Charles II., which were renewed at this time, and urgently pressed upon her, were defeated by the strong hope which she now began to conceive of marrying her cousin, Louis XIV., and which was represented by her confidants as easy and certain of accomplishment.

For this, however, and the subsequent history, we must be content to wait till our next publication.

The Young Man's Home. By the Rev. R. Cobbold, Author of "Margaret Catchpole." London, Saunders and Otley.

ALL the world has certainly taken to "development." Every body "develops" something or other, or at least talks about doing it. Many people, indeed, attempt the task, without having any thing at all to develop. In short, we are fairly puzzled to conceive how our forefathers of the last century managed to exist without the word; for though they actually were acquainted with it, and with all its cognates, yet assuredly it had no such place in the literature either of the past century or of any preceding century, as it has now obtained almost amongst us all. It has now become one of the favourite phrases of all men that write and talk, and it certainly has a place also in the estimation of those who *think*. In Parliament, in the pulpit, in newspapers, in magazines, in books, in reports of societies, every where somebody appears to have something which he is constrained to *develop*, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Here, at last, is a development of a new species. Mr. Cobbold has taken to developing the little penny publications of the Tract Society, and the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. He has laid hold of one of those dull little affairs, with which the benevolent rich essay the reformation of the ill-conditioned poor, and forthwith expanded it into what seems to be intended

for a one-volume novel. How in the world he ever got Messrs. Saunders and Otley to publish it in novel guise, it passes our imagination to conceive. The ardent lovers of fiction, who greedily devour every thing that finds its way from the established London publishers to the shelves of the country librarians, will be not a little surprised at the highly stimulating and romantic repast here provided for them, on the strength of the name of "Margaret Catchpole." We suspect they will find the afternoon-sermons of the Rector of Wortham, dished up into a tale, a somewhat unpalatable feast. At the same time we ought to add, in justice to Mr. Cobbold, that he has done his best to warn his simple readers of the nature of the treat he has provided for them, in the brilliant specimens of the pictorial art with which he has enlivened his pages. Some half-dozen illustrations, displaying "The Hall where the young man lived," "The Churchyard Gate," "Old Goody's Cottage," "The Rectory," and "Home" (the last typified by three tombstones, adorned with cherubs' heads in the amateur-mason's style of sculpture), will be sufficient to damp the expectations of most hungry seekers after new novels.

We are sorry, indeed, to say all this of a story which is really well-intended, and inculcates even so trite a moral as that which Mr. Cobbold has chosen to discourse upon. But there is a limit to that forbearance which allows good wishes to atone for indescribable dulness and literary errors; and we cannot but believe that no earthly good can follow from such mistaken modes of displaying the vanity of earthly pleasures, and the misery that people bring upon their heads by the follies and sins of youth. When Mr. Cobbold can get hold of such another singular tale as that of "Margaret Catchpole," we shall not be sorry to meet him again; but until then, he would do well to confine his literary efforts to the publication of twopenny tracts, and of volumes of village-sermons.

Memoirs of Marie von Arnheim. Written by Herself. London, Longmans.

ALTHOUGH the preface to this tale represents it as a faithful translation from the German, we must be pardoned if, from its free and flowing style, we pronounce it to be the original production of one of our own fair countrywomen. We began it with an honest determination to read it as a veritable German story, but, as we proceeded, an irresistible impression came over us that we had the original in our hands. The fact is, that nothing is harder than to give an original production the air of a translation. The difficulty does not lie in maintaining a mechanical resemblance in the structure of an occasional sentence (which in itself were mere caricature), but rather in preserving that peculiar continuity of ideas which constitutes the *tone* of a language, and, like a scent, can be better felt than described.

The tale itself may be classed among those which it is the fashion of our day to call psychological. Though it narrates events, and one of them, at least, of thrilling interest, still the principal office of the writer is all along that of bringing out internal sentiments and emotions. We confess for our own part, that had we determined upon writing a tale, we should not have chosen as the foundation of our psychological development so painful a subject as that of one sister poisoning another; but tastes are different, and we are bound to add that the authoress has evidently written her story with a moral end in view, a merit by no means common in these pseudo-German fictions. There is no attempt to represent crime as any thing else than what it is; sin is allowed to work out its full retribution; and if the sentiments are here and there of a vague character, the language, as already observed, is remarkably flowing, copious, and natural withal, exhibiting in some passages very considerable power.

We do not intend to anticipate the interest which the reader will feel in the tale itself by first presenting him with it in outline; but shall content ourselves with a few extracts.

The following is, we think, a lively description of a little girl's feelings on the first acquisition of a brother:

"Three years after my birth my mother bore a son. Well do I remember that morning, when awakened by a bustle and hurrying to and fro in the house, and finding myself, contrary to custom, quite alone, I lay in a state of fear and trembling, now putting my head under the bed-clothes, now peeping out into the grey dawning light to see whether any thing were visible. At length the nurse appeared, and with a radiant countenance exclaimed, 'You have a brother, Fraulein Marie! get up quickly and come to kiss him.'

"'You have a brother!'—how did the words echo through my childish heart! How, even at this moment, can I recall the delicious entrancing sensations with which I sprang up, and without waiting to be dressed bounded into my mother's room? She lay there, pale but happy-looking, and by her side, so rolled up as scarcely to allow a glimpse of the tiny face, my brother! Who can say that a child does not feel! As I was held up, and bent forward with a mixed and indefinable sensation of awe and longing to kiss the sleeping babe, a love sprang up in my soul which through life has been—in death will remain—unchanged."

Marie's father is described as a man opposed to all religious dogmatic principle, and this view he unfortunately carries out in her education.

"'Why,' said he, 'fetter a child with dogmas of theology and wordy principles, when nature speaks to him of the glory of its great Creator, and the intuitive perception of the exquisite harmony of all things teaches the lesson of universal love? No, my children shall be untrammelled; never will I say to them, this or that you must believe; never shall my poor and meagre language dare to interpret the voice of God to their souls.' Such was the determination of my father, and to it he adhered strictly."

No wonder that poor Marie should grow up, under these circumstances, without any clear religious notions, and that a foundation should thus be laid for the fatal act upon which the story turns. She thus describes her own state:

"The atmosphere of love surrounded me, my wishes were gratified, my thoughts uncontrolled; and my nature leading me to find my own happiness in promoting that of others, and in the cultivation of refined and intellectual tastes the better parts of my character were drawn to the surface; and the deep source of ill—the total want of any fixed principle in religion and morals—was unthought of and unfelt either by myself or others. I acted purely upon impulse, and, circumstanced so fortunately as I happened hitherto to have been, it was but natural that the impulses to which I was exposed should generally have been in a right direction."

Such a state of mind appears at first sight inconsistent with the sentiments contained in the following eloquent description:

"At length I have visited the gallery. Oh that I might dip my pen in the beams of yon glorious autumnal sunset, ere I write the name of the 'Madonna di San Sisto!" I feel as if every attempt to describe this sublime work, or my own emotions as I looked upon it, must be utterly vain and fruitless. It threw me into a sort of ecstasy; and as I gazed, spell-bound, upon those heavenly eyes, it seemed to me as though I too were raised aloft, and floating with her far beyond earth and all sublunary things. Yet was it not mere beauty of form or feature which thus enchanted me; of these I thought not; and perhaps, so far as they alone are concerned, it might be possible to meet with models even more excellent in the eyes of many. It was an expression of the softest feminine purity, grace, meekness, and withal of dignity—the evidence of an intellect at once sublimely contemplative and intensely penetrating—the perfect and harmonious blending of the woman and the mother with a higher nature, an angelic essence—and more, far more than my poor pen can describe, which shed over the whole a surpassing loveliness—a softened yet transcendent glory, whose enchantment created around me a very paradise of delight."

The conversation between Marie and her little sister Agnes, about the almost unnaturally revolting Barbara, strikes us as a very true picture of the bold manner in which little children will sometimes form their conclusions upon deep subjects:

"'I have been awake for some time, Marie, and I want to ask you a question I have been thinking about.'

'What is it, dear?'

'Do you think there is a God?' she said mysteriously; 'Mamma and nurse tell me there is.'

'Most people believe that there is, dear; but why do you ask?'

'Because if there is a God, and if He makes every thing, as mamma says, and if He is very good, how could He have made Barbara?' and her voice sunk to a whisper.

'I do not know, dear; but if indeed there be a God, who creates every thing, He must have a reason for all that He does.'

'I do not see what reason there could be for making Barbara,' said the child thoughtfully.

"She was silent for some moments, and then said, 'Well, Marie, if there is any God, I am sure there must be two; a good one, who made papa and mamma, and you and Alfred, and nurse, and all the pretty flowers and birds; and a bad one, who made Barbara and all the bad people and nasty things.'

'You are too young to think about this, darling,' I said, 'and it is time that you should rise.' I called her nurse and went into the garden."

Equally beautiful is the dream which Alfred has of his departed little sister Agnes:

"'O Marie, I have had such a delightful dream,' he said; 'I thought Agnes appeared to me, with her golden hair grown very long, and floating around her like a beautiful cloud; she smiled just as she used, only even more sweetly, and said with her soft silvery voice, 'Dear brother Alfred, do not cry any more for me; do you know where I am?' and I said, stretching out my arms as if they could have reached her, 'Where are you, darling?' 'I am with Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' and He has sent me to tell you this, and to bid you and father and mother and Marie not mourn for me any more; you will some day come to me, and I will meet you, and we shall be all happy together.' I tried to grasp her again, but she smiled, and crying 'He calls!' she vanished from my sight. Oh, I feel so happy now! I would not bring her back even if I could.'"

We conclude with an extract which will serve to shew the moral end of the tale:

"Ah how beautiful, how simple is the faith of Marguerite! Would that I had sooner known it! Would that, instead of the crude metaphysical notions, the deceptive fantasies of my youth—all alike vain, insufficient, and incapable of restraining emotions of evil in the soul—I had early recognised the blessed truths of Revelation! How different would then have been my life, how different my death!"

On the whole, we have been sufficiently pleased with this little book, to hope that we may one day meet the authoress again on a different field. She has chosen this time for her tale a subject as melancholy as she could well have imagined, and a foreign country for its scene. When we next meet her, may it be on English ground, with a somewhat less guilty heroine. Remorse is very well in its way, but it is possible to have almost too much of it even in a melodrama; and for ourselves, we think that nearly all our proverbially gloomy countrymen will agree with us in the opinion that, in a damp, heavy climate like ours, and a rainy winter, stories with happy endings are far better suited to our necessities than the tragic catastrophes in which so many authors take delight.

MARIOTTI'S ITALY, PAST AND PRESENT.

[Second notice.]

Ugo Foscolo of course fills a prominent place in Signor Mariotti's pictures of the Italian "present." Those who remember that remarkable man's career in England—his genius, his success, his able writings, his disappointments, and his misanthropy—will read our author's notes upon his celebrated fellow-countryman with no little interest. The chapter on Foscolo contains also so many of Mariotti's opinions on English affairs, and on the position of foreigners in England, that on this account alone it is amusing and instructive. On the whole, we think, he paints us in pretty fair and showy colours; if he gives us too broad or too dark a tint in one feature, he lets us have the benefit of a friendly colouring in another. In one point, indeed, which we shall specify by and by, he broaches certain notions on the ladies of England, which will astonish his readers not a little; but in all that he touches on in his section on Foscolo, there is far more truth than error. He sees in England the only country for the unfortunate who have lost their own. In spite of all the cautiousness and instinctive coldness with which we temper our hospitable warmth, Signor Mariotti maintains that the reception which a foreign wanderer meets with on these shores is, at least, disinterested and free. When once he is plunged into the stream of English life, no man hurts him, no man oppresses him, he is sheltered by the very insignificance to which he is reduced. He is his own master, probably for the first time in his life; and if he cannot enter the Government offices, the Houses of Parliament, the universities, the army and the navy, either at all, or under certain restrictions, he is at least free for every other sort of competition with his fellow-creatures. Here, says our author, the air of true liberty recreates him; here, for the first time, he assumes the erect and proud walk of a freeman; he learns to bear his thoughts fearlessly written on his brow; and he knows, in spite of their innate distance and reserve, how fully he may rely on the justice of his hosts—how firmly he can depend on their regard and good will, if ever he has the good fortune to win them.

But we are forgetting the story of Foscolo, and of his successes and failures amongst us.

"Fortunately for him," says Signor Mariotti, "Italian literature was then at a premium. Byron, Hobhouse, and a hundred others, had raised it to a height of fashion in which, in later years, it has been superseded by the more fresh and copious productions of German genius. A course of lectures on the literature of Italy, delivered in Italian by Foscolo, in 1823, was worth to its author 1000*l.* in one season. The lecturer gazed at his crowded audience, and pocketed his gold with amazement. He made no allowance for the fortuitous combination of circumstances; he was not aware of the exertions of too partial friends in his behalf. He saw in that brilliant circle of sparkling ladies and perfumed cavaliers only as many docile and willing pupils. He could not, or only too late, comprehend how the attendance of one-half of his auditors was merely the effect of a kindly but undiscerning patronage; of the other half, the result of a poor vanity of appearing to take an interest in what they did not understand. He did not reflect, that there were not at the time ten persons in England capable to follow him in his recondite disquisitions, abstruse and inaccessible as they must have been, even independent of the additional difficulty of the language in which they were delivered; and that those few were, perhaps, sufficiently presumptuous to think they needed no schooling from him. He never foresaw that, ere the end of the course, his splendid circle of hearers would, from sheer weariness and discouragement, have dwindled to those 'chosen few' who froze the orator's heart in his bosom, and allowed him no hope of mustering a new audience for the next season. His gold dazzled him. He fancied he had discovered an inexhaustible mine. The next season beheld him a bankrupt and a beggar.

"We would not take upon ourselves to assert that Foscolo, in all instances, shewed himself possessed of that common sense, without which talent of the very first rank is but a two-edged tool, a dangerous and lamentable gift. The success of his lectures, and the other golden dreams of his editorial speculations (in which he was encouraged by eminent booksellers), too early flattered him that his fortune was secured; but we would contend that many a sounder mind would have found it difficult to withstand the seduction of that sudden smile of prosperity. Foscolo was intended for a man of action and strife; ease and fortune unnerved and demoralised him. Had he landed in England obscure and unfriended, had his energies been roused by want and adversity, he would have carved his way through all obstacles, and made his own destiny. As it was—bewildered by a first gleam of ephemeral success, lulled by the calm security of the haven into which Fortune rocked him—he only thought of enjoying an opulence which he fancied he had found ready made. He was soon, and roughly, awakened from his dream, indeed; but disappointment was not so easy for him to brook as despondency.

"It was fatal, indeed, that the well-meaning liberality and hospitality of the English people should be exercised in favour of a man who could but misconstrue it into a homage due to the superiority of his mind and character; and it was still more fatal that his friends, either too soon thinking he had been amply provided for, or too easily repulsed by the haughtiness, stubbornness, and, we might almost say, fierceness of the man's manners, with but few exceptions, abandoned him to his evil genius, and suffered him to pine away in want and obscurity, and to die broken-hearted. The building of the *Digamma Cottage*, the sumptuous banquets to his numerous friends, the hundred extravagances of a man embarrassed with the conceit of a sudden affluence of wealth, and which were so soon to lead to distress and humiliation, were but the result of that improvident kindness whose zeal frustrates its object, hastens and aggravates the very evil which it most strenuously strives to avert.

"It is possible that Foscolo ill understood the character of the nation amongst whom he had sought a permanent refuge. 'The English are a humane people,' he wrote to his sister in 1823, 'but will have nothing to do with one who wants bread.' And again: 'Here poverty is a disgrace which no merit can

wash off. It is a crime, not punishable by law, but visited with chastisement by the world. Therefore have I hidden myself to conceal my distress. Many of the great men have said and written that *I am the greatest genius among the living.* But indigence would render Homer himself despicable in their eyes.'"

Of all the names of living Italian writers, none, however, has so wide and so fair a reputation as the illustrious author of the *Promessi Sposi.* Accomplished, learned, and imaginative, it has been the aim of his life to consecrate all his powers to the glory of God, and the support of religion among his fellow-countrymen. Remarkable as is the genius of Manzoni, in comparison with that of the vast majority of continental writers of fiction; peculiar as is his style, and classical as is his spirit, even when most romantic; he is yet more distinguished in the republic of letters by that unsullied purity of thought, and inflexible devotion to the cause of truth and piety, which are so rare among the brightest lights in the world of thought and study. On the whole, Signor Mariotti does justice to his celebrated compatriot. That he should adequately estimate the *religious* element in his character, is, of course, impossible. The mind in which *love* reigns predominant, whether towards God or towards men, will ever present a certain incomprehensible aspect to the mere man of the world, which he will characterise as weak, or effeminate, or timid, or unenlightened. Nor can such a writer as Mariotti conceive how those who are gifted by nature with such brilliant powers as those which adorn the name of Manzoni, should cordially believe, obey, and uphold, that *entire* system of religion which to himself appears so strange a mixture of wisdom, superstition, goodness, and crime. In the following extract, our readers will remember that they have before them the opinions of one who judges of the Christian Church from without, and who expects to see spiritual life displaying its vitality in the same troubled, restless energy, which is the destiny of a mere secular philosophy and literature. The blessedness of repose and peace, of calm faith and holy love, is but too strange to those who have studied in the school of Young Italy.

"The Restoration of 1814 found Manzoni in the prime of life. A mild, meek, contemplative spirit, he looked with horror on the scene of desolation around him. We know no particulars respecting Manzoni's private career. We have heard him described, we hardly could state on what authority, as a gentle, almost feminine being, affected by constitutional timidity, afraid to remain alone in the dark. It is also whispered that he was, in earliest youth, tormented by doubt—by an inquisitive solicitude, which had well-nigh undermined all belief in revealed truth. When travelling once in the south of France, he chanced to hear—we do not remember whether at Nismes or Toulouse—a French preacher, by whose eloquence he was so mightily struck, that, suing for his acquaintance, and taking a nearer view of the subject, in which he had hitherto seen nothing but chaos and darkness, he was completely won back to the faith of his fathers, and vowed to exert such powers of intellect as Heaven had granted him to the rescue of others.

"It was, then, with such feelings uppermost in his mind, that Manzoni looked on the havoc wrought upon Europe by the French Revolution. He beheld the great edifice that eighteen centuries had reared, now miserably trodden in the dust. Not a relic, not a vestige of religious belief; not a word of controversy did he hear—no spirit of party or sectarianism. The governments of the Restoration, intent upon removing the traces of revolutionary ravages, had re-raised and propped up a clumsy fabric, which they called the Church; of the spirit of Christianity not a word was said. It was no longer Protestant latitudinarianism; it was not Jacobinic philosophy Catholicism had now to contend with. It had met a far greater enemy—a dreary spectre, weaponless, passionless, mute—bidding no defiance, declining close engagement—overcome by no disaster, elated by no success—gorgon-like, chilling, petrifying—Christianity was perishing in Italy from sheer spiritual inertia. To the age of cavil and sarcasm, of outrage and blasphemy, had succeeded that of utter irreclaimable scepticism.

"Manzoni saw it. He determined to grapple with the monster. By the warm breath of poetic inspiration, he would thaw the chill of despair that hardened the hearts of his countrymen against God.

"The cause seemed a hopeless one, and he stood quite alone in his championship. Foscolo, Alfieri, were, at the utmost, Deists. Monti, sometimes a Papist, sometimes a Jacobin, was but a miserable shuffler; Pindemonte, an amiable Pagan epicure; Perticari, a rusty pedant. The whole mass of Italian scholars only alive to worthless philological squabbles. Manzoni stood for a long time alone. Pellico, and the romantic brotherhood of the *conciliatore*, followed several years later in his footsteps. They were the first Italian hearts in which Manzoni's words found an echo. * * *

"On the other hand, among the Italian patriots the pious device of Manzoni gave rise to different interpretations. The vindicator of religion was thought to harbour political views—to aim at a reconciliation of parties, at a fusion of moral and political principles. He was supposed to strive to win back to the cause of Italian emancipation the sound part of the clergy, and the moderate minds that still obeyed their impulse; and to make the mitre and crozier the rallying standard for an Italian confederacy, the banner of ancient Guelphism.

"No one seemed willing to give him credit for honesty and straightforwardness of purpose. Yet the undertaking was in itself sufficiently generous to acquit him of all worldly motives. Consistency and uprightness ended by disarming suspicion. * * Amidst all that rancour of parties, the more intense from being smothered in silence, the man of God stands alone and secure; revered by all, dreaded or suspected by none; inactive, not unfeeling; inoffensive, not servile. An Italian at heart, he beholds the evils of his country; he seeks for, hopes for no redress in this world; but he points to heaven; he suffers, he exhorts others to suffer, in Heaven's name."

Manzoni's hymns, his tragedies, and his vindication of Catholic morality, are well known to every student of modern Italian literature; to the general English reader, they are far from being so familiar as they deserve. What is their pervading spirit, may be judged from Mariotti's description:

"But whatever may be thought of his motives, no man was ever more true to his aim, none ever followed more closely one train of thought. His sacred hymns, his tragedies, his Ode on Napoleon, almost every chapter of his novel, are eminently Catholic; and not only was Catholicism incidentally introduced when the subject naturally led to it, but the works themselves were obviously undertaken for the sake of illustrating the sublimity of its sacred dogmas, and glorifying the importance of its consoling tendencies. At last, the ground being prepared by preliminary publications, the author gave form and system to his ideas by his essay on the *Morals of the Catholic Religion.* The flame of charity he had clothed in all the glow of lyrical poetry, the profound meditations he had veiled under the pathos of tragedy, the salutary lessons resulting from the development of romantic catastrophes, were now condensed, and more immediately brought to bear on the subject. The apostle had cast off his mantle, and girded himself for his mission."

After dismissing Manzoni, our author gives us criticisms and sketches of those other Italian novelists who have won some measure of fame. Rosini, a professor at Pisa, best known out of Italy by his *Monaca di Monza,* is one of the ablest followers of the author of the *Promessi Sposi.* Less pure, less skilful than Manzoni, he shares the faults of his prototype, and is tame and spiritless to those who long for the exciting adventures of the romances of Scott. It was Rosini's desire to establish for Italy the claim of originating that brilliant historical species of tale, which captivated his countrymen when translated from the English of the author of *Waverley.*

"Giovanni Rosini," says Signor Mariotti, "a man of various accomplishments, an Italian *litterato* of the old school, gifted with a rare versatility of talent, has long been an ornament to the oldest university of Tuscany. Under the appearances of an easy and almost Epicurean life, the good professor, grown to an alarming degree of obesity, receiving his visitors in bed, even after twelve o'clock at noon, finds, however, time not only to discharge his professional duties with the greatest credit to himself and to the institution he belongs to, but is even now composing a splendid *History of Painting,* which bids fair to be ranked among the standard works of modern Italian literature.

"His fancy, nothing fettered by the weight and torpor of an overgrown frame, is sufficiently buoyant to wing its flight into the regions of poetry and romance; and, as we have observed, the worthy professor would have no strong objection to be hailed as the restorer of historical novels in Italy. He had conceived the idea of a composition in that style, he contends, and communicated his plan to a lady of his acquaintance, as early as 1808; the title of his novel, unpublished to this day, was *Erasmus.* That first *abbozzo* remains, however, a formless embryo among his papers; and the *Monaca di Monza,* the first work with which the author actually came before the world in the character of a novelist, being, in fact, only a sequel to Manzoni's romance, can give him no claims to a priority of publication."

Rosini's other novels, *Luisa Strozzi*, and *Count Ugolino*, never attained any great celebrity. Of the remainder of the Italian novelists, the best known is Grossi, the Bellini of poetry, as he has been commonly called. Mariotti thus describes his poems:

"Grossi is one of the rare beings entitled to the appellation of the 'poet of the heart.' We know of few poets in whose lines gentle thoughts issue more pure and spontaneous. The affections, occupying the most eminent place in his poems, are entirely free from that affectation, from that artificial refinement, the capital fault of Italian poets from the days of Petrarch, which, known under the name of *concetti* among poets, and *maniera* among painters, has caused strangers to say, that the Italians have their feelings in their head, instead of their heart. Grossi has nothing epic in his poetry, and we have reason to rejoice at it. Italy had already heroic poems in sufficient number. In our days, when mind decides the chances of combat, and even military courage has assumed altogether a moral stamp, the everlasting battles of Homer and Tasso have become wearisome. Grossi understood this. In his tales—even in his poem on the Crusades, the chief struggle is carried on by the heart; heroism is, in his verse, only chivalrous enthusiasm; religion is resignation and hope; love is devotion, purity, and sorrow."

We turn now to one of the strangest jumbles of truths and mistakes to be found in Signor Mariotti's volumes. In his chapter on the Countess Pepoli, he enters into certain comparisons between the characters of English, American, and Italian women, which present certainly one of the oddest compounds of shrewd observations, superficial generalisations, prejudices, and candour, with which a philosophical historian ever puzzled a benighted or admiring reader. Naturally enough, he is indignant at the absurd tales about the women of Italy, which used to circulate in the current English literature of some fifteen or twenty years ago, and sees that they are just about as likely to be true pictures of the domestic life of Italy, as the continental traveller's stories of English manners and morals, which are gathered from an acquaintance with stage-coachmen and waiters at hotels. He rushes therefore to the vindication of his fair countrywomen, without possessing any of that extensive knowledge of English domestic life, without which all his comparisons are futile; and certainly also, without that intimate knowledge of the more refined or more religious even of Italian women themselves, without which he could not do them the justice which they demand at the hands of every lover of truth. At the same time, the chapter is clever and pointed, and worth perusing with attention. We can only give a few paragraphs, as a specimen of the rest.

"The people of Italy seem, certainly, to be well acquainted with the peculiar qualities in which their wives and daughters excel. *Donna Tedesca*, says their quaint old proverb, *buona per la casa; Donna Francese buona per la conversazione;* and, after thus yielding to women of the Teutonic races the superiority in the management of their household, to the Parisian ladies the charm of conversational powers, they conclude: *Donna Italiana buona per gli affetti;* usurping thus for their own partners the privilege of a more tender sensibility and ardent soul.

"As an adviser to her husband in the management of his estates; as an entertainer of his political friends at a county dinner; as *dame de comptoir* to a French shopkeeper; in short, as a helpmate, in the general sense of the word, the Italian bride will be found sadly deficient. Her worldly education begins on her wedding-day, and devolves altogether on her husband; but as a fond, faithful companion, brought up so primitively as she is, and created with deep, inexhaustible treasures of affection, if she does not transcend her husband's most sanguine expectations, he alone is to blame. • • •

"After all, even in England, how much of a girl's schooling goes towards fitting her up for her matronly duties? Which of her French, German, or even 'English branches' has a tendency to form the character of the future mother of a family? A knowledge of the world is, surely, acquired at a boarding-school; and the fashionable novels, or the police reports, afford her a sufficient insight of human life, if she is debarred from the improving intercourse of more *knowing* class-mates at the academy. But is her discernment, her moral sense, cultivated in proportion? Is her education as extensive as her multifarious instruction?

"But, we repeat, innocence in an Englishwomen is not a merely negative attribute. Her virtue must rest on a loftier basis. Her scornful loathing of vice must arise from an intimate knowledge of its hideousness. Her command over her passions must proceed from a natural calmness of temperament—from an early development of her reasoning powers—from an elaborate discrimination of good and evil. She must invert the saying of the ancient heroine:

'Video deteriora—meliora sequor,'

must be her watchword through life. Nothing must be left to mere instinct. She is a responsible being, and as such, can she be hoped to steer safely through life without a chart of its breakers and shoals?

"Viewed from this point, the timid, bashful, sensitive Italian bride is but a poor specimen of wively dignity. But she is calculated for the condition that awaits her. As a creature of passion, she is equally susceptible of being led to the extremes of good and evil. Her husband has her entirely under his control.

"Unfortunately, the Italians are said to make the best lovers, but the most indifferent husbands. An Italian is jealous as long as he loves. His disposition is selfish and exclusive; it must absorb all the faculties of the woman he sets his heart upon. He will shoot her favourite spaniel on his wedding-day. He is a self-tormenting domestic tyrant, whom nothing short of a desert island could free from anxiety.

"Happily his partner is trained up to seclusion and solitude. She is fain to attribute her husband's suspiciousness and disquietude to excess of tenderness, and easily puts up with it. Indeed, she is rather alarmed at the first symptoms of remissness on the part of her gaoler. Sultana-like, she deems it an insult to be morally unveiled, by being left too freely in the keeping of an admiring stranger. • • •

"All these extenuating circumstances are not here brought forward in justification of woman's misconduct. By thus alluding to the state of society in Italy, we would not palliate guilt, but exalt virtue, in proportion to the trials it has to undergo. The London merchant's wife, luxuriating in the magnificent loneliness of her drawing-room at Hackney or Camberwell, reading the last new novel, and indulging in fantastic but harmless dreams of fairyland, deserves commendation, no doubt, if at the return of her husband with a set of dull, sleepy partners and brokers, talking of nothing but consols and railway-shares—most of them married too—'wasps from whom the sting has been extracted'—all of them prematurely grave and respectable—she has strength of mind sufficient to prevent her from looking up to any of those excellent men of business for the realisation of her romantic visions, and comes to the conclusion that her own 'old man' is worth the best of them. But she has hardly an idea of that militant virtue, which must stand the test of long, incessant temptation, and resist the contagious force of example.

"A woman in England is, on an average, a more highly endowed, a more accomplished creature than the generality of the males she communes with. She looks down upon them; she chooses one of them for his sterling, substantial qualities, as a useful, rather than an agreeable acquisition. All the ornamental part, all the charms of life, private or public, fall to her share: she expects her good man to work for, not to amuse her. But in Italy, every man is a lady's man; with the exception of a little *naïve* talk, the Italian belle has hardly any social resource. Man must defray all the expenses of conversation. His acquirements, purely of a light, flashy character, make him dangerously attractive. Intellectual superiority, and an early practice in all the arts of seduction, give the southern libertine all the wily insidiousness of the serpent.

"What is elsewhere only called a dutiful wife, is, in Italy, a heroine; and it is because we firmly believe that the number of these heroines is great, far greater than foreign travellers are willing to acknowledge, greater even than the vain talking Italians themselves seem inclined to suppose, that we have faith in them all—that we deem them far above their reputation, far above the condition of a country in which all social order has so long been rapidly verging into utter dissolution.

"Against these dreaded agents of evil, an Italian woman has the shield of her religious and moral principles, the constant watchfulness of her husband and all around her, and the hundred-eyed vigilance of public scandal.

"Religion in Italy is omnipresent—not a flimsy, lukewarm thing of tracts and evangelical magazines, of weekly observances and wrangling controversies; but that instinctive, and, if we may so say, narrow-minded fear of God, which shrinks from doubt and inquiry—that faint-hearted bigotry, that perpetual unrest of conscience, which, if it does not always prevent, if it even compromises with sin, is, however, a safeguard against the utter hardening of the heart. Religion is considered as one of the best outward signs of feminine gentleness. The most daring sceptic, the most obdurate unbeliever in an Italian university, could not look without disgust on a female free-thinker. The *Vestiges of Creation* could not make their way into an Italian drawing-room, harmless though they may be; nor could people there believe in the existence of such a female

as we have all seen travelling from town to town in America as a public preacher of infidelity."

Such are some few of Signor Mariotti's peculiarities, excellences, and errors. Taken as a whole, the book is a remarkable production; and may be fairly alleged to be a proof that the *mind* of Italy has yet many and many an original, independent, vigorous thinker, who needs only to be brought to an allegiance to the true spirit of self-denying religion, to be as strong a safeguard to his country's best interests in her approaching hours of peril, as he must be a mere ornament to her literature, or an instrument in the hands of men of the worst intentions, so long as he continues a stranger to those principles which Signor Mariotti but too often sneers at and derides.

A Vindication of the Educational and Moral Condition of Wales, in reply to William Williams, Esq., late M.P. for Coventry. By Evan Jones of Tredegar. London, Longmans; Llandovery, Rees.

THE writer of this pamphlet, an Independent teacher, educated at the college of his sect at Brecon, is evidently alarmed lest the Government should be induced, by the representations of Mr. Williams, backed by the Reports of the Commissioners upon Welsh Education, to take upon itself the responsible task of providing instruction, religious as well as secular, for the inhabitants of the principality. That gentleman had thrown out the suggestion, founded principally upon those reports, that the complete eradication of the Welsh language—the existence of which, in his opinion as well as of the Commissioners, is an insuperable bar to the diffusion of general knowledge among the people—should be systematically undertaken by the Government. Mr. Jones therefore labours to throw discredit upon the reports, as having been compiled by persons disqualified for their office from English anti-Cambrian prejudices, and from their ignorance of the national tongue. By drawing a comparison between the conduct of this board and a supposed commission composed of Welsh dissenters, wholly or in part ignorant of English, sent to inquire into the moral and educational condition of the eastern counties of England, confining their inquiries to the dissenting ministers and schools, and evincing a marked repugnance to the examination of ministers of the Established Church, he satisfies himself that the character of the investigations carried on by the Welsh Education Commissioners has not been free from the stigma of partiality.

To prove that the Commission has misrepresented the state of the case, he endeavours to shew from statistical tables that illegitimacy in Wales is not so great in point of numbers in proportion to England as is represented in the Commissioners' Reports, inasmuch as the proportionate average of illegitimate children born in Wales is less by nineteen than in England to the same number of females, although, as he asserts, the proportion of married women is larger in Wales than in England. We cannot admit the force of this argument; for granting the proportion of married females to be greater, the discrepancy is more than counterbalanced by the well-known prevalence in Wales of the custom of Portland Island, so destructive to the moral sense of a people, according to which the salvo to the female's reputation is the celebration of her marriage within however short a period previous to confinement. That sobriety has been greatly on the increase since the introduction of teetotalism, is not to be denied; but even this good has been attended with accompanying evils, as the diffusion of the Manichean notion that the use of wine and all fermented liquors is unlawful, not simply in its excess, but because they are "*in se mala*."

Notwithstanding the formidable list of works in the Welsh language on scientific and other secular subjects, all the evidence which bears directly on the intellectual culture of the people proves that its common standard among them is low in the extreme. We are confident that Mr. Jones will not venture to maintain that more than a trifling proportion of the list of from 400 to 600 works, which he tells us are in existence, are original Welsh compositions; and with regard to the quality of the periodical Welsh literature, which he is careful to inform us circulates 60,000 copies monthly, he preserves a discreet but significant silence. The inference drawn from the Chartist and Rebecca disturbances he calls "endless and silly cant;" an expression which we are sure he would have found needless, if he had recollected that it was grounded principally upon the incredible amount of ignorance and credulity shewn by numbers of those engaged in them, and the irrational expectations formed of the benefits to be derived from success. A third argument which he urges is, that the plan of a gigantic scheme of Government education for Wales is unnecessary and impracticable, because the present reports prove the inefficiency of the schools which have been already assisted by Government, and because the Welsh people are anxious to educate themselves.

"The anxiety of the people for education renders your scheme unnecessary. The Welsh are determined to educate themselves. The very simplicity of the houses in which the schools are kept, the eagerness with which a good teacher is every where supported, and the very large number of private schools (681), probably without a parallel in the history of a labouring population, amply prove the truth of my assertion. The Church, with the assistance of the aristocracy, endowments and grants from the Committee of Council, has provided 581 schools, whilst the almost *unaided exertions of the poor have established no less* than 949! If any fact should induce Government to let the Welsh alone, this ought to do so. It is very possible the quality of instruction may be inferior in many of these institutions, but the Reports will tell you that whenever a superior school (a British school, for instance) is opened, the inferior schools are deserted. The Welsh, notwithstanding their poverty, are able to educate themselves. Where parents are alive to their duty, all difficulties soon vanish. When the quantity is provided for, then attention is immediately turned to the quality. You should bear in mind that, in the course of the last forty-seven years, the Welsh people have erected or rebuilt at least 2000 chapels. At a very moderate computation, they must have already paid for this at least *eight hundred thousand pounds.** The expense of 2500 chapels and stations (including collections for home and foreign institutions for the spread of the Gospel) cannot be less than *one hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds* annually. Academies and colleges are established, ministers are better supported as the burden of chapel-debts is diminished, and the feeling in favour of education is gradually and stedfastly gaining ground. Having done this, what can the Welsh fail to do?"

If the argument of Mr. Jones is not very conclusive, it yet affords demonstrative evidence of what would be gratefully accepted in lieu thereof by the Welsh themselves. We are told that "whenever a superior school is opened, the inferior schools are deserted." The inference is conclusive as to the consequence of opening schools in the principality conducted by native Catholic schoolmasters, competent to give instruction in the secular as well as religious departments of knowledge. The Welsh are generally anxious to acquire a knowledge of English, however little palateable to them might be the *obligation* of attending schools under Government superintendence. But at present the necessity is evidently pressing for the institution of a seminary for the education of a native body of secular clergy to guide them to the ark of salvation, through the only medium whereby they would be content to receive it—their native tongue.

Short Notices.

Döllinger's Protestant Reformation. Munich.

THE second volume of Dr. Döllinger's *Protestant Reformation* has just issued from the press. The first volume, which appeared two years ago, we have perused. It is a portraiture of the Reformation entirely by Protestant hands. Not a single Catholic authority is cited in the work; but the leaders of the Reformation, men who took up a neutral position between the Catholic and the Protestant Churches, and others who, having been carried away by the reformed doctrines, subsequently returned to the Catholic Church, give successively their testimony as to the character of the Reformation, and of its dogmas and disciples. The tenets of Protestantism, and its influence on morals, government, education, and literature, are set forth in

* Mr. Jones has omitted to mention, that these chapels are usually built with money borrowed at interest, the payment of which with the profits of the sittings, forms a profitable mode of investment to the lenders.

an admirable catena of extracts from the class of writers above named. To these the author adds the testimony of the Anabaptist preachers, and of Schwenkfeld, the German forerunner of the founder of Quakerism. The work displays extraordinary research and critical skill; the materials are mostly derived from very rare works and *unprinted* documents; and the extracts are interwoven with admirable remarks from the learned author.

Lectures on the Religious Antiquities of Edinburgh. By the Rev. J. A. Stotherd. Second and Third Series. Edinburgh, Marshall; London, Dolman.

These volumes form the conclusion of Mr. Stotherd's very interesting lectures to the gild of St. Joseph in Edinburgh. Unlike most books on antiquarian subjects, they are full of information acceptable to the general and religious reader. They shew what Edinburgh *was* in a way that makes the heart mourn to think of what it *is*. Yet Edinburgh was but one of many and many a city of like kind in former days.

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. Vol. IX. London, Youens.

It is a misfortune for those who are eager for genuine information respecting China, Japan, Tartary, and the other great kingdoms all over the world, of whose people our knowledge is still very limited, that they are so little acquainted with the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. Apart from their religious interest, they convey more intimate and accurate information of all that goes on *within* the territories of nations not yet Christian even in name, than is to be found in the writings of professed travellers and lovers of romantic adventure. The animation of spirit, the quickness of observation, and the liveliness in narrating what they have seen, which are so often shewn by the missionaries, are scarcely less remarkable than the perfect devotion of soul with which they give up all they have, and life itself, to their Master's cause. We give one or two extracts from the letters of the Chinese missionaries, as examples of the kind of anecdotical information to be gained from these records of Christian heroism.

"Latterly (says the Rev. F. Esteve), I had a catechumen of eighty years of age, whom his family wished to hinder from receiving baptism. Meeting his brother, 'Is it you,' I said to him, 'who wishes to close the entrance into the Church and to heaven on your sister?'—'Oh no,' he replied; 'my sister has every reason for becoming a Christian; the practices in our pagodas are all very well to delude blockheads: I, who am no fool, do not attach the slightest credence to them.' Delighted on hearing him use this language, I said, 'I see clearly that you also believe in God.'—'Oh no,' rejoined he. 'But then, if you neither believe in God, nor in the idols, whom do you believe in?' He haughtily raised his head, and assuming a loud voice, he exclaimed in a solemn tone, 'I believe in my belly; I believe that here below we must eat and drink'—'Well done, my good friend; you believe as much as the ox and the ass, who feed in the meadow. And what will you make your soul?' My old philosopher had already commenced smoking his pipe, which was four or five feet long, and no longer listened to me. I did the same with the nearest pipe."

The Rev. J. Gonnet gives the following picture of Chinese manners:

"I must, in conclusion, relate to you a fact which will give you a notion of Chinese manners, and will inform you how simple and easy a mode is here in use in order to take revenge upon an enemy. A pagan, who was formerly rich, had, like so many others, the folly to exchange his piasters for the opium of the English. Hence all his fortune had gone off in smoke, so that he had not even a little rice left. In this state of distress he goes and raps at the door of one of his relatives, who is one of the most opulent Chinese in my district. Pagan charity is stinted in extent. The latter repelled him with indignation, and forbade him from ever reappearing. The opium-smoker renewed the attack several times; same reception. Then, what does this unfortunate man do? In order to revenge himself in a signal manner, he goes and hangs himself during the night before the door of his relative. In France the only individual who would have to regret such an act would be the poor man who had hanged himself; not so in China. The next day a crowd of jealous assailants, that is to say, all the poor pagans of the neighbourhood, repair to the mandarin, and accuse the rich miser of the death of his relative. The magistrate, delighted to find such a case, gives them a favourable hearing, and promises to prosecute the culprit. In point of fact, the accused party, in order to extricate himself from the difficulty, has already slipped one-third of his fortune into his judge's purse, and the action is still pending. If the mandarin is satisfied, those who compose his retinue are not; and the latter, who are generally great opium-smokers, are at least as avaricious as their master. This little incident may give you a slight idea of the mode of administering justice in China. We may truly state that all here is venal. There is no infamy at which the mandarin will not wink, if you have piasters to give him: nay, if requisite, he will cause the accuser to be scourged with rods, however just the accusations may be."

Warton's Ervalenta: Bad Digestion cured without Medicine. London, Youens.

We sometimes wonder how many dyspeptics there are in the world, and how many doctors there are who ever did any good to their dyspeptic patients. Some people say that all the world is afflicted with short sight and indigestion, and that these two maladies are the great signs of the times in which we live. The Ervalenta is meant for the cure of the last of these two troubles, being not a medicine, but an article of diet, of the farinaceous kind, and of foreign origin. The pamphlet before us contains hundreds of attestations of its powers, both from medical men and non-professional people; and we have no reason for doubting their genuineness. The most satisfactory to the dyspeptic and sceptical public will probably be that of Dr. Ure, who speaks decisively of the wholesomeness and curative qualities of the production.

Fine Arts.

THE GENOA CRUCIFIX.

There is now exhibiting at 209 Regent Street a work of Christian art, which, if the story told of it be true, is one of the most remarkable productions of genius which has appeared for some generations. It is a crucifix, carved from one of the largest blocks of ivory ever known, the entire height of the figure, from the feet to the extremities of the hands, being not less than 2 feet 9 inches. The arms, as usual, are joined to the figure at the shoulders; but after making this deduction, there remains a figure of 2 feet 3 inches in height, cut from the single piece of ivory.

The statue is said to be the work of a monk of the Convent of St. Nicholas, Genoa, named Fra Carlo Antonio Pesenti, who was, in the strictest sense of the word, an amateur in his art. Whether professionally educated or no, however, he must have not only devoted long time to the study of the human figure, but have brought to his work a natural genius of the highest order. The figure is unquestionably admirable; manly, yet refined; natural, yet religious in spirit; worked with a most elaborate regard to anatomical details, yet pervaded by that calm repose and dignity which accompanies our idea of the image of our Lord and Saviour. The countenance is, perhaps, the least perfect portion of the whole, as we miss a certain profound expression of the *depths* of that thought, suffering, and love, which were the attributes of the Son of God made man.

The crucifix was purchased from P. Pesenti by Mr. Lester, the American Consul at Genoa; and was thence carried, first to Florence, and then to the United States. We believe that it is now for sale in this country.

Ecclesiastical Register.

REVIVAL OF THE LATIN PATRIARCHATE OF JERUSALEM.

After a lapse of more than five centuries, a Catholic Patriarch has again assumed his pontifical rights in Jerusalem. On the 17th January last, Monsignor Valerga, the new Patriarch, just appointed to this great office by Pius IX., made his solemn entry into the Holy City. The last Patriarch was John de Gresli, who ceased to exercise his functions when the Mussulmans took possession of Jerusalem in 1287. The new Patriarch is a young man, being scarcely thirty-three years old, but well tried in missionary labours among the Dominicans and Lazarists of Persia and Chaldea; and he has already but barely escaped the glory of martyrdom, having been wounded in the shoulder by the blow of a poniard with which a fanatic Mussulman sought to assassinate him in an *émeute* at Mossoul in 1843.

He entered Jerusalem in solemn procession to assume his new functions, riding on an Arab horse, the gift of the Pacha, and surrounded by all the Christians of the neighbourhood. He was met by the *khakam*, or chief Jewish rabbin, who actually came out of the city on foot to pay his respects to the new Christian prelate. At the gate of Bethlehem he was met by the Franciscans of the Holy City, clothed in their sacerdotal vestments, with the cross borne before them, and in the midst of the Turkish soldiery. The procession then went direct to their convent, where *Te Deum* was sung; and the new Patriarch preached a discourse in Italian, giving thanks to Almighty God for the blessing thus conferred on the land, and shewing that Jerusalem, so long torn with discords and schisms, might at length become to Catholics that "*Vision of Peace*," which is the signification of the very name it bears.

ALLOCUTION OF THE POPE TO THE LENT PREACHERS.

Delivered on the 2d instant.

BEFORE you open your lips for the preaching of the gospel, we have judged it opportune to give you some words of counsel. If it be true that difficulties only redouble the power of eloquence, sacred eloquence in our days will triumph only the more, for never had it greater difficulties to struggle against, and to overcome.

You have against you, ignorance, heresy, impiety, superstition, every vice, every false doctrine, and especially the two errors of social science; of which, the one, springing from the love of money, proclaims the spoliation of the rich by condemning property as a crime, and denouncing gold and silver as a proof of guilt against those who possess them. Another error, the child of pride, seeks to withdraw the people from all authority, and to violate the most sacred rights. Hence those numerous evils, which you are called to remedy by the preaching of the truth. Take, then, for your model, truth itself; preach Jesus Christ; imitate Jesus Christ.

In shewing religion to the people as the only rule of justice and the only source of happiness, lift up their eyes to the last end of man, to God, the Author of all justice and happiness. Warn them against false doctrines and false prophets. Draw them from earthly things, that their hearts may not be enslaved. Purify them from every impure affection contrary to that fire of love which the Son of God came to kindle upon the earth. And never forget that in order to guide the people in the way of salvation, you must follow the Saviour close behind Him.

Meditate without ceasing upon his countenance, glowing with truth and purity, that you may ever dwell in purity and truth. Meditate on his hands, that you may conform your actions to his. Meditate on his feet, that you may follow in the path He has marked out. Above all, meditate upon his heart, that adorable heart, whence gush in torrents those streams of love, that in that love and according to that love, by abhorring sin, you may love the sinner, and recall and save him. Denounce all errors and vices, but let no personality ever stain your lips. Lift up your voice against every injustice, but respect all men, the greatest as well as the lowest in the social family. In a word, become faithful imitators of Jesus Christ, that your words may bear fruit, that you may find them again written in the book of life, and that in receiving the blessing of the Vicar of Jesus Christ you may render yourselves worthy of eternal blessedness!

EDUCATION OF THE LONDON POOR.

ACCOUNT OF THE SCHOOLS LATELY ESTABLISHED IN THE LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS DISTRICT.

[Continued from last week.]

IN the five school-rooms mentioned in our last No., thirteen different schools are held; each of these rooms, with the exception of the one in Lazenby Court, being occupied successively during the day for three separate purposes. The infant-school commences at nine in the morning, and continues to three o'clock. The girl's school opens at four or five o'clock, and closes at six or seven o'clock in the evening; after which the boys occupy the room from seven till ten o'clock at night. Thus there are five infant-schools, four evening schools for male, and four evening schools for female adults. These are open on Sundays as well as week-days. By this arrangement all the wants of a neighbourhood are provided for. The infant is taken care of while the mother is engaged in domestic duties; the girl completes her instruction, and returns home at a proper hour; while the boy employed at work during the day is no longer compelled to find his amusement in associating with bad and idle characters. To those who know how many adult Catholics there are who have never received any education, and how early in life Catholic children are taken from the public schools and sent to business, and how deficient they must therefore be in the very rudiments of education, it is hardly necessary to say a word on the importance of forming adult schools for such a population. These schools, if they do no other good, are at least the means of preventing the evils resulting to such classes from going to low plays, public houses, and dances, which they are now in a manner compelled to frequent from the want of more rational enjoyment or occupation. Another advantage of these adult schools is this, that the boys and girls who leave our public institutions, and who unfortunately, in many instances, soon abandon the practice of their religious duties, are induced to frequent the sacraments more regularly by the instructions there given.

There are on an average 60 or 70 scholars, who are regular attendants of each school. Of these, about 30 are infants and 40 adults, making in all above 300. The parties seeking instruction comprise those who attend some day-school, young persons, partially educated, who wish to increase their information, and children and adults perfectly uninstructed. It is for this latter class the schools are more particularly intended.

The education given consists of Catechism, spelling, reading, writing, and the first rudiments of arithmetic. The benefits arising from these schools have already become apparent. During the few months they have been opened, some, who knew not their alphabet, have learnt to read; others, who never before attempted to write, can now write tolerably well; and many, who did not know their Catechism, or even their prayers, can now answer as far as the Commandments, and repeat correctly the "Our Father" and "Hail, Mary!"

The management of each school is confided to a paid teacher; each room has been furnished with two large desks and several forms; and for each there has been a supply of books and paper required. During the winter a fire is also requisite. The payment of the teacher, and other expenses, from September 1847 down to the present time, amount to the sum of 60*l.* 17*s.*

All these expenses have been paid by the donations of certain subscribers and the weekly contributions of one penny procured by the exertions of collectors. From these sources 65*l.* 3*s.* have been raised; and nearly all this has been expended, as shewn in the subjoined general statement of accounts.

From this statement, it must be obvious that the funds have been applied with the greatest economy, it being very important at this early stage that the outlay should not exceed the weekly contributions. But it has been felt that such a system of economy could not be continued without prejudice to the real efficiency of the schools. Therefore, as it is now proposed to enlarge the field of their usefulness, it is requisite that there should be a corresponding increase in the funds, in order to raise the salaries of the teachers, procure larger rooms, and provide the schools with more desks and books. The carrying out of these desired improvements will, at the lowest calculation, increase the weekly outlay to the extent of twenty shillings for each school, making the entire cost of the *five* schools 5*l.* a week; and as it is not intended to change the plan by which up to the present time the money has been raised, it is requisite that an additional number of collectors be obtained, so as to make 100 in all. To insure the success of this plan, it is only necessary that each member of the congregation should give one penny a week, which, when they consider the great objects obtained by this trifling sum, it is hardly possible to suppose they will refuse to contribute.

So much having been said about the first object for which these schools have been instituted, there is scarcely room to say a word about the second object, namely, the improvement of the parents. It is but just, however, to state, that in each school there is one evening in the week set apart for catechetical instructions, at which not only the children, but as many of the parents as can find room, attend. The priest who gives the instruction takes occasion at the end to address himself more immediately to the parents, exhorting them to attend to their religious duties, and give good example to their children. For this reason the *worst*, as well as the most central, localities have been selected; and it may be added, that in these places there has been a marked improvement amongst the Catholic population.

It is but just to add, that this excellent work has been accomplished mainly through the exertions of the Rev. John Kyne.

The following is a general account of receipts and disbursements from the 10th of September, 1847, to the 21st of February, 1848:

Receipts.	£	*s.*	*d.*
To amount of donations	27	0	0
To amount of weekly contributions	38	3	0
	£65	3	0

Disbursements.	£	*s.*	*d.*
Rent	10	9	2
Teachers	22	13	3
Books for reading and writing	10	3	0
Desks and apparatus	10	16	0
Coals and candles	4	11	1
Sundries	2	4	6
Balance in hand	4	6	0
	£65	3	0

SPIRITUAL RETREAT AT BRISTOL.

[From a Correspondent.]

Bristol, March 20, 1848.

THE spiritual retreat which commenced here on Quinquagesima Sunday, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Gentili and the Rev. Mr. Furlong, terminated yesterday evening. Of a truth, the salutation of peace, with which these holy men of God greeted our city in their opening discourse, has not returned to them void. It has been highly edifying to witness the vast numbers of Catholics who have flocked to the tribunals of penance, and received the holy communion; and during this and the preceding mission more than 100 Protestants have been admitted into Christ's true fold. What joy must there have been in heaven before the angels of God! It may easily be imagined, then, with what heartfelt emotions of gratitude our venerated Bishop, and the people over whom God in his

abundant mercy has placed him, assisted at *Te Deum laudamus* in the densely crowded church of St. Mary, on the evening of the second Sunday in Lent. It was a solemn and interesting service. We shall most probably never meet all together again on earth. May not one of us be missing at God's right hand in glory!

Documents.

MEMORANDUM

PRESENTED BY THE ALLIED POWERS TO THE COURT OF ROME IN 1831, ON THE SUBJECT OF REFORM IN THE PAPAL STATES.

I. It appears to the representatives of the Five Powers that, as regards the States of the Church, there are two fundamental points important in their bearings upon the general interests of Europe:

1. That the Government of this state should be established on solid foundations by the ameliorations meditated and announced by His Holiness himself at the commencement of his reign.

2. That these ameliorations, which, according to the expression of the edict of his Eminence Cardinal Bernetti, will found a new era for the subjects of His Holiness, should, by an internal guarantee, be insured against the changes inherent in the nature of all representative governments.

II. For the attainment of this salutary end, which, on account of the geographical and social position of the States of the Church, is a subject of European interest, it appears indispensable that the organic declaration of His Holiness should set out from two vital principles:

1. From the application of the ameliorations in question not only to the provinces in which the revolution has broken out, but also to those which have remained faithful, and to the capital as well.

2. From the general admissibility of laymen to administrative and judicial functions.

III. The same ameliorations ought (as it appears to the Powers) to embrace, in the first instance, the judicial system and that of the municipal and provincial administration.

A. As regards the judicial order, it appears that the complete execution and consistent development of the promises and principles of the *Motu Proprio* of 1816 present the surest and most efficacious means of redressing the general grievances relative to this interesting department of social organisation.

B. As regards the local administration, it appears that the re-establishment and general organisation of municipalities elected by the people, and the foundation of municipal franchises in order to regulate the action of these municipalities, in the local interests of the *communes*, must form the indispensable basis of every administrative amelioration.

In the second place, the organisation of provincial councils —either of a permament administrative council destined to aid the governor of the province in the execution of his functions, with suitable attributes, or of a more numerous assembly taken from the bosoms of the new municipalities, and destined to be consulted respecting the most important interests of the province—appears extremely useful for the purpose of paving the way to the amelioration and simplification of the provincial administration, of distributing taxation equally, and of enlightening the Government respecting the real necessities of the province.

IV. The immense importance of a regular state of finance, and such an administration of the public debt as would afford the guarantee so desirable for the financial credit of the Government, and would so essentially contribute to augment its resources and insure its independence, appears to render indispensable the establishment of a central institution in the capital, charged, as Supreme Court of Accounts, with the control of the annual budget in each branch of the civil and military administration, and the *surveillance* of the public debt, with attributes corresponding with the great and salutary end proposed to be attained.

The greater the independence of such an institution and the closer the impression of the intimate union of the Government and the country, the more will it respond to the benevolent intentions of the Sovereign and the general expectation of the people.

It appears that for the attainment of this object persons ought to sit in this assembly chosen by local councils, and forming, with councillors of the Government, a junta or administrative consulta. Such a junta would, or would not, form part of the Council of State, the members of which would be chosen by the Sovereign from the notables eminent by birth, fortune, or administrative ability.

Without one or several central establishments of this nature, intimately connected with the notables of a country so rich in aristocratic and conservative elements, it appears that the nature of an elective government would necessarily deprive the reforms which will redound to the eternal glory of the reigning Pontiff of that stability the want of which is generally and powerfully felt, and which will be still more sensibly felt in proportion as the benefits of the Pontiff are great and precious.

PROCLAMATION OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has published the following important proclamation:

In consideration of the important events which have recently occurred, his Majesty the Emperor deems it his duty openly to proclaim his views on the position which he holds with respect to what has already happened, and what may in future happen in accordance with the decrees of Divine Providence. His Majesty expects that his words will correct erroneous ideas and guard against misunderstandings which might excite unnecessary apprehensions.

The change of government which has been effected in France his Majesty regards as an internal affair (*eine innere Angelegenheit*) of that country. Austria is far from entertaining any intention of influencing its internal arrangements, either directly or indirectly.

His Majesty the Emperor deems it his duty to protect the institutions of the state, and to maintain the law within his own dominions, and to promote the prosperity of the people confided to his paternal care. His Majesty will be able to discharge this duty to the full extent, even in the present political condition of the world.

If, however, contrary to his expectation, the existing European treaties should be violated, or the frontiers either of his own states or those of the Germanic Confederation, should be menaced with hostilities, his Majesty the Emperor will avail himself of all the means conferred upon him by Providence in order to repel any such breach of the peace.

It is the will of his Majesty, at this critical period, to take every measure in his power to insure that Austria may feel herself strong at home, and secure and respected as regards her relations with foreign powers. His Majesty, however, will, at the same time, carefully guard against the occurrence of any attempts to overthrow the legal order of things, which might reduced his heaven blessed empire to a state of disruption, which would render it an easy prey to the attacks of every enemy. For the attainment of this end—devoted to the welfare of his subjects alone—His Majesty relies on the confidence and powerful co operation of the faithful states of his empire, as well as on all classes of his subjects, to whom the maintenance of the legal order of things is dear, and who have retained the capacity, in the midst of a period of agitation and disturbance, to measure the consequences to which the opposite path would inevitably conduct.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S DEMAND FOR A GERMAN FEDERAL LEAGUE.

We, Frederick William, by the grace of God, &c. When, on the 14th instant, we convoked our faithful States for the 27th of April next, to determine with them on the measures for the regeneration of Germany which we wished to propose to our allies of the Germanic Confederation, and which are so necessary for Prussia, we could not suppose that at the same moment great events which have occurred at Vienna would facilitate essentially, on the one hand, the execution of our projects, and on the other, render a hastening in their execution indispensable. Now, in consequence of that important event we feel bound to declare, before all things, not only in presence of Prussia, but in presence of Germany (if such be the will of God), and before the whole united nation, what propositions we have resolved to make to our German confederates. Above all, we demand that Germany be transformed from a confederation of states into one federal state. We acknowledge that this plan presupposes a reorganisation of the federal constitution, which cannot be carried into execution except by an union of princes with the people, and that consequently a temporary federal representation must be formed out of the Chambers of all German States, and convoked immediately. We admit that such a federal representation imperatively demands constitutional institutions in all German States, in order that the members of that representation may sit beside each other on terms of equality. We demand a general military system of defence for Germany, and we will endeavour to form it after that model under which our Prussian armies reaped such unfading laurels in the war of liberty. We demand that the German federal army be assembled under one single federal banner, and we hope to see a federal commander-in-chief at its head. We demand a German federal flag, and we expect that at a period not far remote a German fleet will cause the German name to be respected, both on neighbouring and far distant seas. We demand a German federal tribunal, for the settlement of all political differences between Princes and their

States, as well as those arising between the different German Governments. We demand a common law of settlement for all Germany, and an entire right for all Germans to change their abode in every part of our German Fatherland.

We demand that in future no barriers of custom-houses shall impede traffic upon German soil, and cripple the industry of its inhabitants. We demand, therefore, a general German union of Customs (Zollverein), in which the same weights and measures, the same coinage, and the same German laws of commerce, will soon draw closer and closer the bond of material union. We propose the liberty of the press throughout Germany, with the same general guarantees against its abuse.

Such are our propositions and our wishes, of which we will strive, by all our efforts, to obtain the accomplishment. We rely with proud confidence on the readiest co-operation of our German confederates, and of the entire German nation, which we will joyfully strengthen by the incorporation into the Confederation of those provinces of our dominions which do not at present form part of it, if (as we suppose they will) the representatives of those provinces shall participate in our wishes, and the Confederation be disposed to receive them. We trust that the accomplishment of our wishes—nay, that our having broken ground towards effecting them—will put an end to the anxiety which, to our great regret, fills Germany at this moment, paralyses commerce and industry, divides the country, and threatens to tear it to pieces. Yes! we trust that those measures will strengthen Germany from within, and cause her to be respected abroad, so that Europe may find the most solid guarantee of a lasting and prosperous peace in her united force. In order, however, that the accomplishment of our intentions may experience the least possible delay, and in order that we may develope the propositions which we consider to be necessary for the interior constitution of our States, we have resolved to hasten the convocation of the United Diet, and we charge the Minister of State to fix that convocation for the 2d of April.

Given at Berlin, the 18th of March, 1848.

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Also signed by the Prince of Prussia, and all the members of the late Ministry.

Miscellanies.

GEORGE SAND'S OPINIONS

ON THE POSITION AND DESTINIES OF THE POPEDOM.

WE believe that some of our readers will be interested with a translation of the following extraordinary document. And extraordinary we may well call it, as proceeding from the pen of the infidel writer *George Sand*, the sworn foe of all priestcraft and spiritual domination. It contains these two remarkable admissions, or rather, we should say, assertions: First, that the unbelieving systems by which the philosophers endeavoured to replace the religion of the Cross are empty failures. It is true that the writer gives Voltaire and his associates the credit of good intentions and enlarged views, yet she acknowledges at the same time that their doctrines were utterly powerless to effect any high or good object. The second assertion, equally striking as coming from such a quarter, is, that the Pope has a high mission to fulfil towards humanity, that he occupies a position with respect to it reserved to him alone, and possesses powers which he only is capable of wielding. We need hardly notice, that it is somewhat amusing to see the writer assume the office of patronising encouragement to the successor of St. Peter; neither have we cause to wonder that *George Sand* should be hardly competent to appreciate the motives of Pius the Ninth's conduct, that she should mistake for timidity the forbearance and moderation of the universal Pastor, and expect the headlong vehemence of a party-leader from the father of Christendom. We would rather endeavour to hope, that the sentiments we are about to quote hold out the prospect of a return towards religion of a powerful though perverted mind, which has hitherto exercised a large influence for evil. We have only further to premise, that the following remarks were originally extracted from the *Constitutionnel*, where they were appended to the translation of a letter of M. J. Mazzini, to which allusion is made at the outset.

This appeal to the Pope is very forcible, and yet it is not wanting either in respect or simplicity. How is it that no one has hitherto addressed such sensible and Christian words to Pius IX.? It would seem to me that men have fallen into a mistake, both in the prayers they have addressed to him, and in the encouragements they have given him. They have allowed themselves to consider him as a political sovereign, and as such have called upon him to resist Austria with the talents of a statesman or of a general. In the seminaries of France, there is more than one young Levite whose heart beats at the idea of laying aside the censer to assume the musket; and, in their golden dreams, these children of the Church behold themselves driving away the Austrian soldiers from the precincts of St. Peter's, and proclaiming the political liberty of the Church and the supreme moral authority of a holy Pontiff, the liberator of nations. The Roman people, through a sacred instinct, cry every day in the ears of Pius IX., "Courage, Holy Father, courage!" But what! Can the Pope, ought he, to descend into the arena of passions and human controversy? and do you desire to see him sword in hand, inaugurating at the Vatican the constitution of a new Church? No; this were to ask of him what he cannot himself wish; this were to scare him by counselling impossibilities; this were to call upon him to play a part which modern society denies to him. Seized with fear, he would rather draw back than incur the suspicion of association with official doctrines not his own; already you behold him, in an allocution of the consistory, offering up sterile vows for unhappy Poland, which he ventures not to name, and speaking with horror of writings and persons of which he fears to pass for the accomplice. Poor Pope! for want of comprehending his real mission, men place him in a great strait, and his heart and his conscience struggle with each other. He would willingly confide, but he fears to be deceived. And we do all of us deceive him, when we say, "Be a philosopher, and you will save Italy and the Church."

How should we wish that the Pope should be a philosopher? And if such a thought could suggest itself to him, what philosophy would we have him profess? What doctrine have we preached and circulated in the world fitted for a Priest, or for the Head of any Church whatsoever? Shall it be the *worship of reason*, which our revolution has bequeathed to us as its only doctrine? But this worship of reason has borne fruit, and reason has taught us egotism. Individual reason prescribes to us to keep quiet, to allow our neighbour to have his throat cut, and only to cry out if an attempt is made upon our purse. Individual reason teaches us that the right of the strongest is always the best; that if Russia cuts up and devours Poland, that is no business of ours; and that if Austria should desire to oppress Italy, the Pope ought to shut his eyes rather than expose himself to ruin.

If the Pope is still to have weight in the destinies of the world, it must be by remaining a Christian. Let us allow him to be an orthodox Catholic, and let us not ask him to employ the hand of power to build up religion. Neither let us require him to be an able sovereign, very competent on the subject of railroads, the science of finance, and other benefits of civilisation, which would infringe upon the poetry and the grandeur of the part he has to play. An industrial Pope would figure ill at the foot of the list of St. Peter's successors. Let him neither be a Voltairian, nor a conservative, nor a *Babouviste*, nor a Malthusian. Let him be a Christian! and the uneasiness of our minds will cease. Those among us who have kept the ancient faith will become the better, and will understand that Christianity is the love of humanity and the destruction of slavery. Those who have lost it, will feel themselves better prepared for an examination, and will not be driven to the reaction of atheism by the crimes committed against humanity in the name of God.

And if the adepts of the worship of reason would only give themselves the trouble, they might draw a distinction easily made. They would perceive that neither Voltaire nor the revolution pretended to preach up an individual reason, any more than Christ preached the submission of Popes to temporal power, and their silence in face of Poland given up to destruction, Ireland expiring of hunger, and the people every where sacrificed to the caste of wealth. The philosophers believed in a collective reason, which would suffice to man, in order to exercise his rights and practise his duties. Their mistake was in believing that this reason could dispense with an ideal, and that the well-understood interest of each would be the interest of all. Their mistake was in desiring to destroy the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice represented by the sublime image of the Crucified; they have failed; the Crucified has remained aloft, and on this false track we have gained nought but the hypocrisy, officially proclaimed in the world, of atheistical sovereigns, who permit the Pope still to exist, on condition that he will tolerate their atheism, and that he will bless their hands red with the blood of the people; of nations indifferent to the destruction of their sister nations; of Popes who would prefer to see thousands of men butchered and consumed, rather than to be themselves suspected of Communism, or less still, of tolerating this or that person, whose ideas have exhibited some boldness of expression.

Strange misery of the times! O Pius IX., if you would

but be a Christian according to the doctrine of Jesus, you would not trouble yourself about our philosophical discussions, our little sects, or big journals, and all the dreams of our restless minds! What! is not your mission clear and easy? You have a hand raised to bless and to anathematise; and that hand is the symbol of the conscience of mankind. We ask of you to have the Gospel before your eyes, and not to deceive yourself by lowering your paternal hand upon the head of murderers. Will you remain immovable through prudence? Entangled in the labyrinth of diplomacy, will you limit your sphere of action to governing discreetly a little nation; and will you not have a word of blame or support to throw into the scales of human decisions? You, whom a long habit of mankind proclaims preeminently the arbiter, the advocate for God upon earth—will you have two weights and two measures for assaults committed against humanity? Shall the thunders of the Vatican roll no more over crowned heads, and will they no longer strike any but the feeble and the proscribed? Alas, if it were thus, you would no longer be a Christian—you would no longer even be a philosopher, after the fashion of Voltaire; for Voltaire pleaded for Calas, as you have to plead for Poland, for Ireland, for France, for Italy, for the world!

But let us hope that the noble intentions of Pius IX. will know how to triumph over all sophistry; and that when this excellent man shall have experienced the bad faith and the perfidy of the powers of the world, his good instincts, which an erroneous prudence had alone led astray, will return to truth. He will soon experience that Punic faith of diplomacy, which has ever been the ruin of the great minds of the leaders of the people, and paralysed the pulse of life in nations. Soon will he be hedged-in by that modern dilemma which the French government will set before him at the first alarm: "Spiritual power is yours; be content with that, and do not entrench on the domain of the temporal, which belongs to us exclusively, and with which you have no concern." In other words, "Regulate the discipline of the clergy, the order of processions, the rhythm of sacred chants, if you please; but do not erect yourself into a judge of our actions: speak of heaven to those who believe in heaven, and dream not of setting up the reign of God and of justice on the earth. Your kingdom is not of this world; live in peace, and let us kill whom we please. You are but a priest, which is as much as to say, as far as we are concerned, no more than a mummy. Your empire extends over the catacombs of the past; we forbid you access to life."

Oh, Pope, when this language shall be held to you, your answer may be full of might, if you will! You may ask these men—the regulators of human life—what this spiritual power is, which you hold of Divine institution, if it be not the sovereign right to see every thing, judge every thing, condemn every thing, or absolve every thing in human actions; whether you be not the sole man in Europe who possesses this supreme right, and whose sacred immunity frees him from all civil laws? Yes, assuredly, you still possess this right, and no coalition of kings can deprive you of it. As temporal sovereign, you are but a little prince, and you should care but little for this title; but morally you are above all sovereigns, above all citizens in the world. You are the sovereign of consciences; you are the only really free citizen in the universe. And what a holy and sublime liberty is that which, protesting from the depth of exile or of a dungeon, should echo through the world like the voice of God himself! All spiritual power resides there; all the strength, all the legitimacy of an institution consecrated by ages, is to be found in this liberty. Would you not, indeed, profit by it, to overturn the sophistry of temporal power?

Westminster Abbey. — The alterations in Westminster Abbey Church, in the practised hand of Mr. Edmund Blore, are nearly completed; and, however much we may differ from the authorities as to the mode in which additional room for the public should have been obtained, we must bear testimony to the goodness of the work. The new stalls which surround the choir are exceedingly well executed by Ruddle, from Peterborough. The canopies and finials present considerable variety. The stained glass in the south transept is finished; but the windows are at present covered up, and will remain so until the church is again opened for service. The ancient monuments in the Abbey call loudly for conservation, and the modern ones for removal. The chapter-house continues in a disgraceful, not to say dangerous condition. It is to be hoped that the remarks which have appeared in the *Builder* on the decaying state of the external stonework of Henry VII.'s chapel, and the possibility of applying a preservative solution (quoted far and wide by contemporaries), will lead to some such step. The necessity is urgent.—*Builder.*

The new Throne in Canterbury Cathedral. — The throne stands on the south side of the choir, at the angle formed by the upper transept. The design was by Mr. Austen and his sons, and the carving was executed partly by English workmen and partly by men from Belgium and Cologne. It is highly enriched, and bears a general resemblance to many of the shrines in Italy, particularly to one at Verona. The total height is nearly 40 feet, the width at the base about 8 feet, and the cost of its erection about 1200*l.*—*Builder.*

A Lesson read Backwards. — The *Suffolk Chronicle* says that two countrymen, who lately went to hear a lecture on the advantages of peace at Ipswich, were so much struck by the lecturer's account of the large sums which the Duke of Wellington has received for his military service, that they instantly went to a recruiting sergeant and enlisted as soldiers.

To Advertisers.

Advertisements to be sent to Mr. S. Eyre, 19 *Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, not later in each week than* 12 *o'Clock on Thursday.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT a numerous MEETING of the CATHOLIC CLERGY and LAITY of the YORKSHIRE DISTRICT, held at York, on the 16th of March, 1848:

The Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, V.A., in the Chair.

1. Resolved unanimously, on the motion of the Hon. Charles Langdale, seconded by Rev R. Browne, of Leeds:
   That this Meeting, deeply sensible of the increasing importance of education, as well to place the temporal interests and prospects of the children of poor Catholics on an equality with their fellow-citizens, as to secure by sound instruction their religion from the seductions of error by which they are surrounded, this Meeting considers it an imperative duty to raise a fund for necessitous Schools, and for rendering available to Catholic purposes the parliamentary grant for Education.

2. Moved by Sir William Lawson, Bart., seconded by Rev. M. Trappes, of Huddersfield:
   That, for the purpose of raising this fund, lists of annual subscribers be opened in every Congregation in this district; and this Meeting earnestly and confidently appeals to the Clergy of each Congregation to afford their assistance by recommending one or more Collectors, who may prepare such lists, transmitting them to the Secretary of the Catholic Poor-School Committee, for publication in their annual Report.

3. Moved by Rev. John Walker, of Scarborough, seconded by Henry Dearsley, Esq., of the Northern Circuit:
   That, in order to secure to Catholic Schools an efficiency which mere lay instructors can never impart, as well as to avail ourselves of perhaps the most important provision of the parliamentary grant, this Meeting urgently appeals to the Catholic body to establish in one of our most populous towns a Normal School of religious Teachers; and this Meeting pledges itself to use its utmost efforts to raise a fund especially devoted to this purpose.

4. Moved by John Prest, Esq. of Leeds, seconded by the Rev. William Fisher, of York:
   That this Meeting—repeating most emphatically its sense of the injustice done to the Catholics of Great Britain by their being hitherto solely excluded from the parliamentary grant for Education, voted from funds to which they equally with others have contributed—calls upon her Majesty's Ministers to redeem the pledge given in the last Parliament of a tardy act of justice, by an immediate recognition of the right of Catholics to their full share of any funds voted by Parliament for Education; and that a petition to Parliament for that object be adopted by this Meeting, and transmitted for presentation to the Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

5. Moved by Dr. Goldie, of York, seconded by — Holdforth, Esq. of Leeds:
   That the most cordial thanks of this Meeting be given to the Hon. Charles Langdale for his zealous and devoted labours during a series of years in the great cause of Catholic education, and especially for his valuable assistance at the present Meeting.

6. Moved by the Hon. William Stourton, seconded by Captain Darnell, of Clifton Grove:
   That the warmest thanks of this Meeting be given to the Right Rev Dr. Briggs for his kindness in taking the chair, and for his able conduct in presiding at this Meeting.

THE CHARITY of CATHOLICS is solicited in favour of a little COLONY OF IRISH EMIGRANTS, who, through the benevolent exertions and at the expense of an Irish Gentleman, have been taken over from one of the most destitute parts of Ireland, and settled at London in West Canada. It is likely that they will be followed by many of their countrymen, and that the town will become one of the most considerable places in Canada. The neighbouring districts also contain many Catholics.

At present there is but a small and wretched hut for Divine service, which does not hold a tenth of their number. The hearts of their brethren in the faith would be stirred with compassion, could they but see this poor flock, many of whom come many miles to be present at Mass, kneeling bare-headed, on the snow, in the public street, and compelled to seek refuge from the weather in some depraved tavern. If this state of things should continue, it can but lead to great religious carelessness.

The person to whom these particulars have become known, has felt sure that if he gave them publicity, many would be glad to contribute to relieve the spiritual wants of their brethren, whom poverty has constrained to seek another soil, but who are still joined to us by the ties of a common country, and the nearer ties of a common faith. But knowing, as he does, how many and how great are the calls upon Catholics, especially at this time, he asks but for small sums, which can be sent to Mr. Burns, 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, London.

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March 20, 1848.

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